A BELL MAGAZINE 10¢

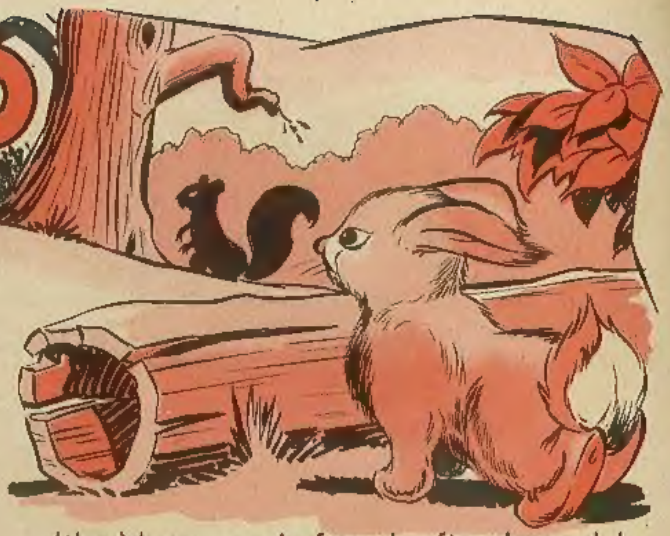
JULY

Our Gang COMICS

HIPPY HOP

ON A LONELY DAY

Copr., 1946, by Oskar Lebeck



Hippy Hop, the Rabbit, was very, very lonesome. His friend, Chirpy the Robin, had flown off to visit his cousin.

"I wish I had someone to talk with," thought Hippy, "Chirpy and I always had such nice conversations. Maybe I can find someone!"

So off he hopped, with a very slow hop, through the trees hoping he would meet one of the forest animals. Hippy knew everyone in the forest, though, of course, Chirpy the Robin was his very best friend.

Hippy did not get very far when suddenly Nutsy Squirrel scooted across right in front of his nose.

"Wait a second, Nutsy," called Hippy. "You're just the one I've been looking for. I've been meaning to have a talk with you for a long time."

"Can't you see I'm gathering nuts for winter?" said Nutsy. "However, if you help me I will be glad to chat as we work."

"Oh, all right!" said Hippy. "Although I don't know very much about gathering nuts."

Still, Hippy managed to gather a lot of nuts, and before long there was a big stack of nuts at the foot of Nutsy's house, which was a big pine tree.

"This is very nice," said Nutsy. "Now we must carry the nuts up to the second limb, where my storehouse is."

Hippy was so busy talking that he didn't stop to think that rabbits couldn't climb trees, so he just said, "Let's go," and picking up a nut, he started to follow Nutsy up the tree. But he didn't have sharp little claws like Nutsy, and after the first bound, he couldn't hold onto the bark and tumbled right down to the ground.

Nutsy Squirrel looked down from his second limb and just couldn't help laughing at poor Hippy. "Ha-Ha, that's no way to climb a tree, Hippy," he laughed. "But it's very, very funny. Ho ho ho!"

"Really! I see nothing to laugh at," said Hippy, and he picked himself up and carefully brushed off his coat. "You are very rude and I don't think I shall talk to you any more."

And off he hopped leaving Nutsy Squirrel up on the second limb, still laughing heartily.

"What an impolite squirrel," thought Hippy. "I really must be more careful whom I talk with."

Then, as he hopped along, suddenly he came upon Sharpy, the Porcupine, who was sunning himself on a log. "Hello, Sharpy!" called Hippy. Then without waiting for Sharpy to "hello" back he asked, "Do you know Nutsy Squirrel? He's very rude, isn't he?"

Sharpy opened his eyes and said, "S-S-Sure, I know N-N-Nutsy. B-B-B-But I th-th-think he's very n-n-nice."

"Oh my, your stutter is much worse," exclaimed Hippy.

"Th-Th-That's because y-y-y-you s-s-s-surprised me," replied Sharpy. "B-B-B-But don't let it b-b-b-bother y-y-y-you. I just love to have a ch-ch-chat."

(Continued on inside back cover)

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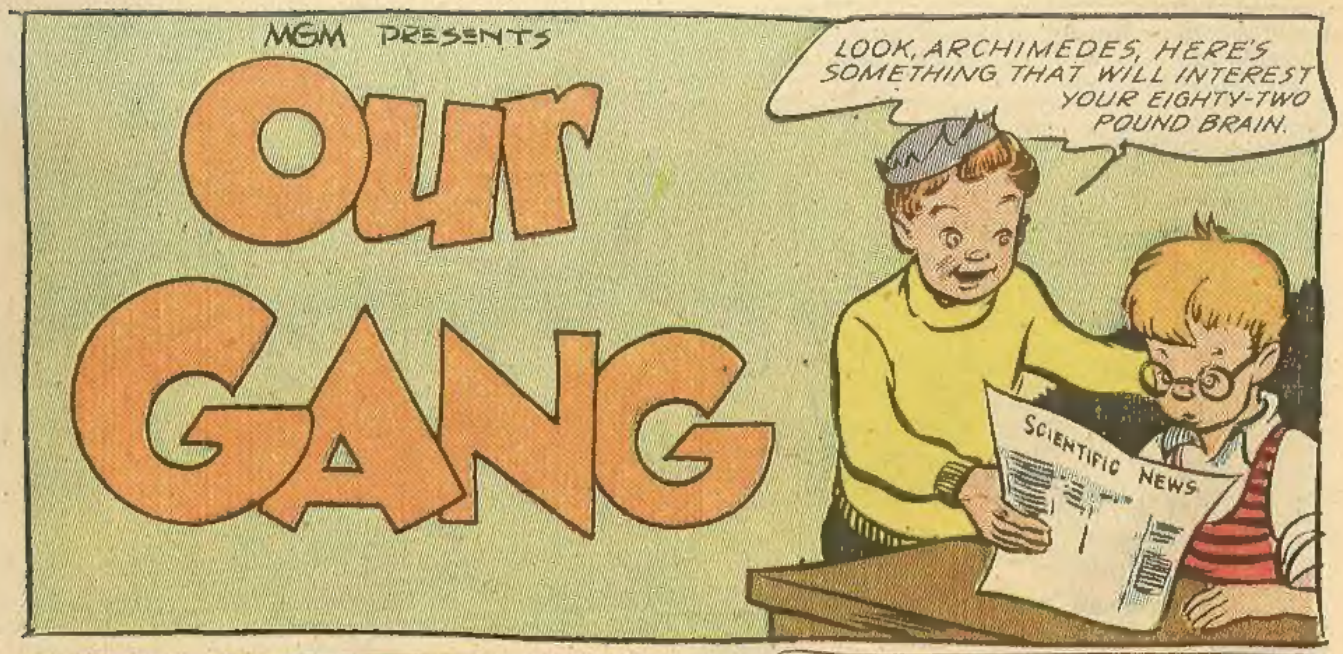
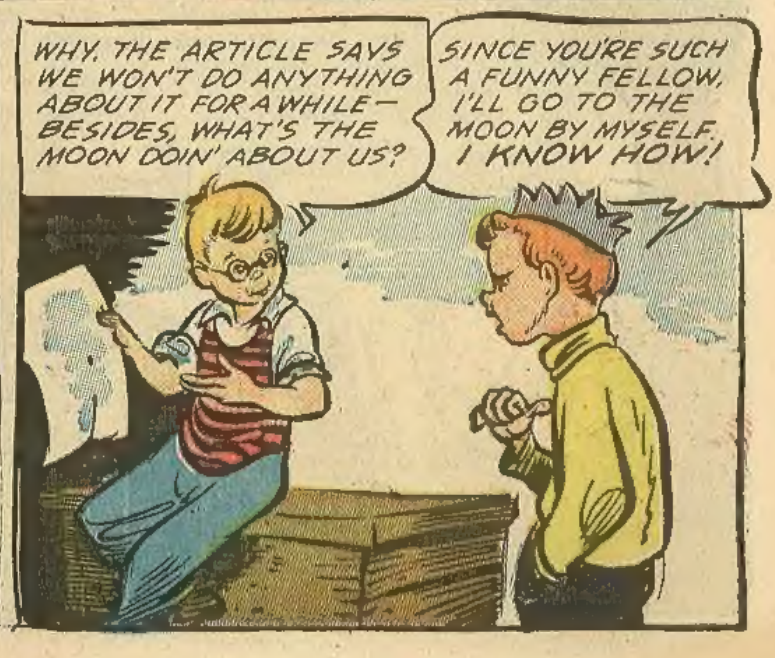

MGM PRESENTS
OUR GANG
LOOK, ARCHIMEDES, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL INTEREST YOUR EIGHTY-TWO POUND BRAIN.
SCIENTIFIC NEWS

TO WHAT ARE YOU REFERRING, TO WIT?
THIS—WHERE IT SAYS THEY'VE CONTACTED THE MOON BY RADAR.

BOY! YOU'RE RIGHT ON YOUR TOES LIKE A FLATFOOTED TURTLE—THIS RADAR THING HAPPENED IN JANUARY... DID YOU HEAR ABOUT AUTOMOBILES? THEY USE RUBBER TIRES ON THEM NOW—AND SOME OF 'EM WILL GO TWELVE MILES AN HOUR!

AW, I KNOW! THAT'S AN OLD MAGAZINE—BUT WHAT'S ANYBODY DOIN' ABOUT THE MOON, NOW THAT WE CAN CONTACT IT?
O.G. 24-467


WHY, THE ARTICLE SAYS WE WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT FOR A WHILE—BESIDES, WHAT'S THE MOON DOIN' ABOUT US?
SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A FUNNY FELLOW, I'LL GO TO THE MOON BY MYSELF. I KNOW HOW!

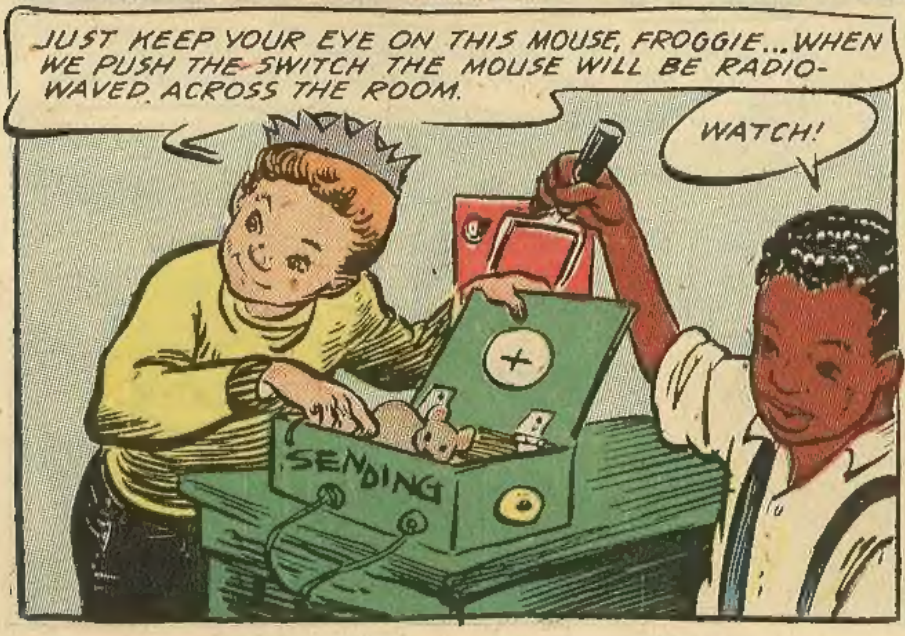
MAC DOUGAL, WE NEED MORE MEN LIKE YOU AT YALE... COME AGAIN OFTEN—YOU'RE TRUE BLUE, MAC, TRUE BLUE.
JEER, KNAVE, JEER! PERCHANCE THY JEST WILL TURN SOUR IN THY SWEET FAT FACE WHEN THE WINDS OF FORTUNE FAVOR ME WITH FAME.
BECAUSE, BRIGHT BOY, I HAVE DISCOVERED DR. GUNLOCH'S SECRET METHOD OF RADIANIMOBILITY!
AND BUCKY AND I ARE GOING TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS THIS YEAR AND RETIRE TO AN ICE-CREAM RANCH.
DOCTOR GUNLOCH!?
WAIT A MINUTE, RED, WAIT! DR. GUNLOCH AND HIS PRINCIPLES MEAN DANGER! HE WAS A MAD MAN!
YOU STAY AWAY FROM THAT RADIANIMOBILITY YOU'LL BE KILLING SOMEBODY.
NUTS!
WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE OF KILLING ANYBODY—WE DON'T HAVE THE THING SET UP FOR HUMANS YET.
BUT GUNLOCH WAS THAT CRAZY MAN WHO TRIED TO REDUCE US TO CHEMICALS, RADIOACTIVATE THE CHEMICALS—THEN BROADCAST THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS AND REASSEMBLE THEM AT SOME DISTANT POINT—THAT'S CRAZY!
WHO SAYS SO?

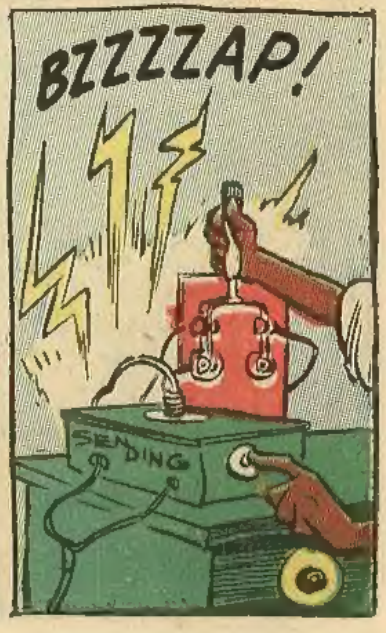
JUST BECAUSE IT SOUNDED CRAZY DIDN'T MAKE IT SO—BUCKY AND I, WE PERFECTED THE SYSTEM!
YOU'RE AS CRAZY AS THE DOC.

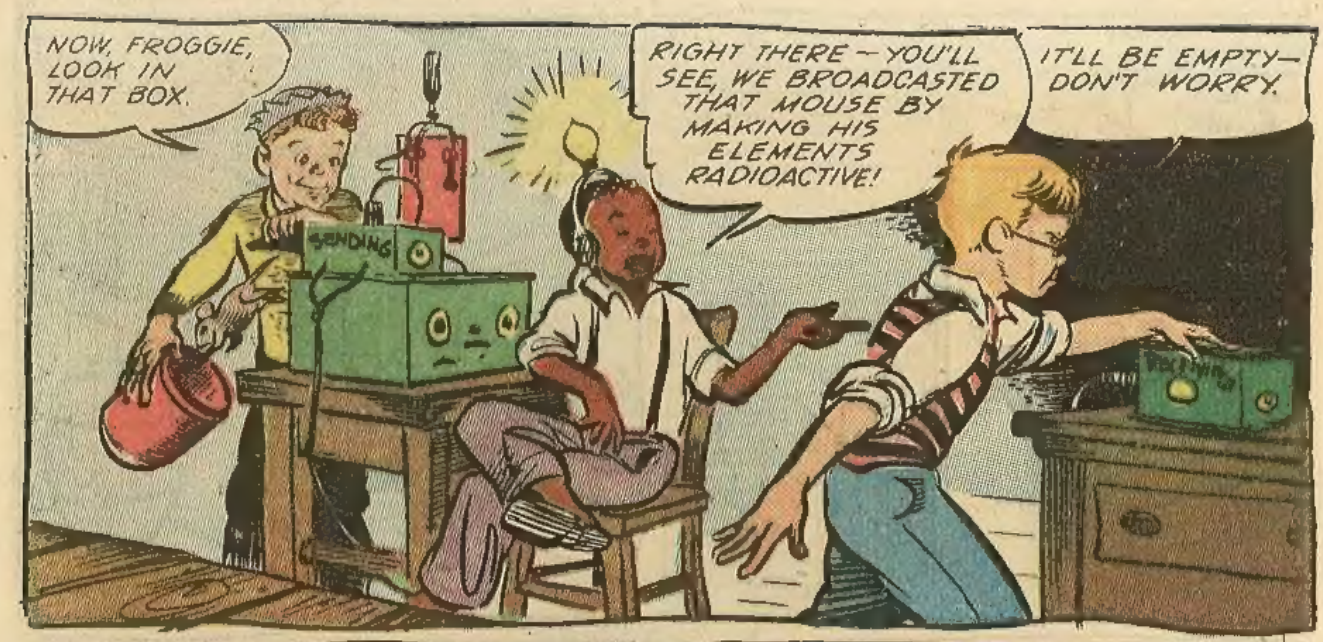
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT—COME ON DOWN MY CELLAR AND BUCKEYE WILL SHOW YOU WHAT WE'RE DOIN'!

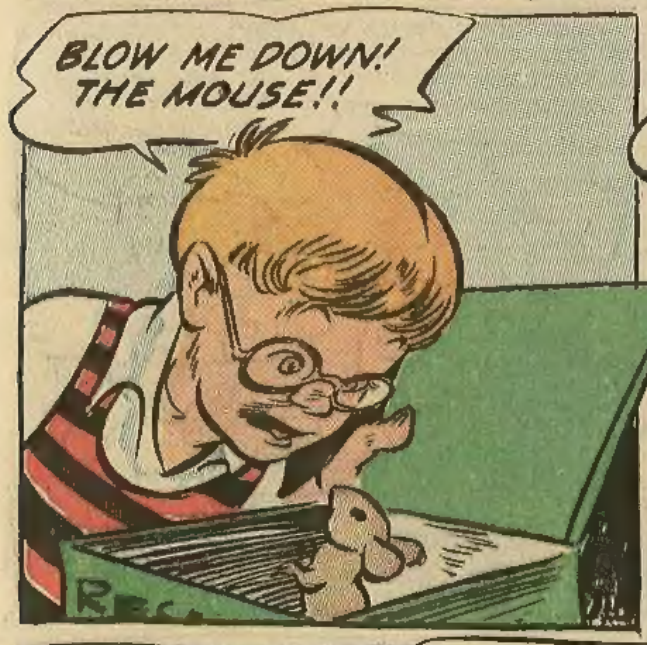
WE'VE GOT A SKEPTIC HERE, DR. BUCKEYE... SHOW HIM HOW THE APPARATUS WORKS.
KEE-RECT. DR. MAC DOUGAL.

YOU GUYS ARE FOOLING WITH DYNAMITE—THAT RADIANIMOBILITY STUFF IS DANGEROUS.
NOW JUST OBSERVE DOCTOR BUCKEYE, DR. MAC DOUGAL PROCURE THE MAMMAL AND ASSIST ME, PLEASE.


JUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS MOUSE, FROGGIE... WHEN WE PUSH THE SWITCH THE MOUSE WILL BE RADIO-WAVED ACROSS THE ROOM.
WATCH!
SENDING


BZZZZAP!
SENDING


NOW, FROGGIE, LOOK IN THAT BOX.
SENDING
RIGHT THERE — YOU'LL SEE, WE BROADCASTED THAT MOUSE BY MAKING HIS ELEMENTS RADIOACTIVE!
IT'LL BE EMPTY— DON'T WORRY.

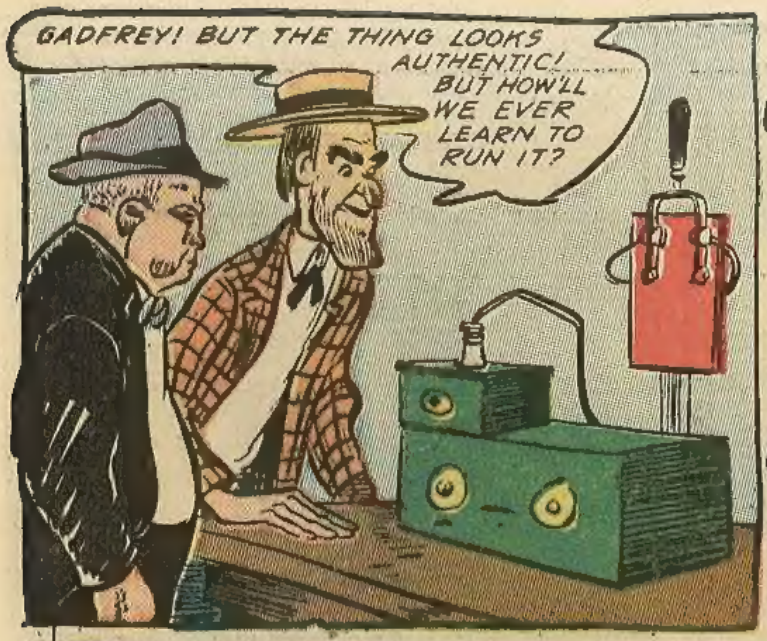

BLOW ME DOWN! THE MOUSE!!

WAIT A MINUTE—WAIT A MINUTE... IS THIS POSSIBLE? YOU DOPES DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT RADIOACTIVITY.
LOOK OUT! THE MOUSE IS GETTIN' AWAY!

OF COURSE IT'S POSSIBLE! AND YOU LET OUR MOUSE GET AWAY!
I DON'T LIKE TO DOUBT YOU, DR. MAC DOUGAL, BUT LET'S LOOK IN THIS FIRST BOX...I SMELL A RAT!

THINGS LIKE THIS CAUSE WARS— MAN'S DISTRUST OF HIS FELLOW MAN.
EMPTY!
SENDING

PSST, OXTAIL—D'YA HEAR THAT?
GOLLY, RED AND BUCKY, I HAD YOU FELLOWS WRONG! YOU REALLY SHOULD PATENT THIS METHOD... YOU'LL BE RICH IN NO TIME!
SURE, WE CAN BROADCAST ANY SIZE BODY FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER. THE SENDING BOX AND THE RECEIVING BOX WILL HAVE TO BE CHANGED— THAT'S ALL.
GEE, IF YOU'D GET SOME SCIENTISTS TO LOOK IT OVER YOU'D BE FAMOUS!
WE'RE GOING TO GO TO THE MOON WITH IT!
WHAT'S DE BIG IDEE, DEACON? WE WUZ ONLY GONNA ASK FROGGIE WHAT HE DID WIT' OUR DANCIN' BEAR.
AH, YES...
BUT, YOU SEE, THE KIDS HAVE STUMBLED ON SOME RADIO INVENTION BY WHICH HUMANS CAN BE BROADCAST! IF WE COP IT WE'RE ON EASY STREET! WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORK AGAIN.
WORK!? YOU AIN'T BEEN WORKIN' FER 40 YEAR—WHAT YA KICKIN' ABOUT?
NEVER MIND THE WITTICISMS... COME ON DOWN THE CELLAR.

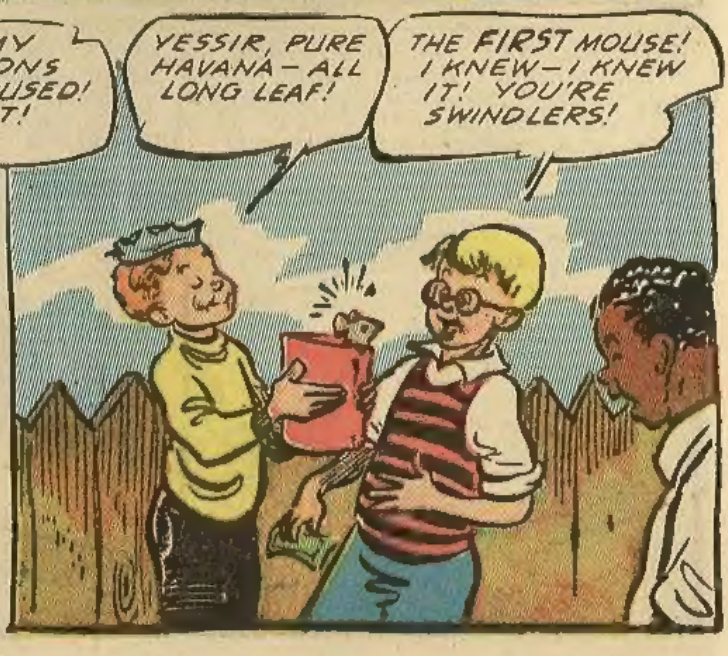

GADFREY! BUT THE THING LOOKS AUTHENTIC! BUT HOW'LL WE EVER LEARN TO RUN IT?

THE THING FOR US TO DO IS TO DISGUISE OURSELVES AS SCIENTISTS AND GET THE KIDS TO DEMONSTRATE IT.
I'D RUTHER LOOK FER ME BEAR.

NEVER MIND THAT—YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE—LET'S GET INTO OUR DISGUISES!

MEANWHILE
BEFORE I GIVE YOU THIS BUCK TO BUY A THIRD INTEREST IN YER INVENTION—WHAT'S IN THE BOX, RED?

WHY—UH—HUM—IT'S A BOX OF—UH—COOKIES—I MEAN—IT'S A BOX OF CIGARS FOR MY FATHER.
AHA—MY SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED! OPEN IT!

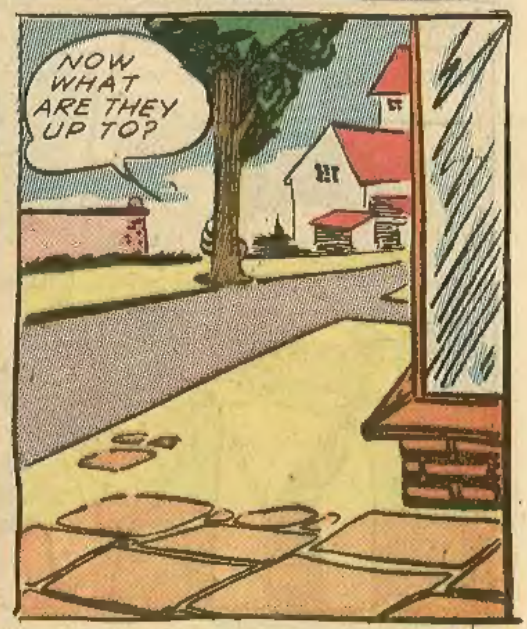

YESSIR, PURE HAVANA—ALL LONG LEAF!
THE FIRST MOUSE! I KNEW—I KNEW IT! YOU'RE SWINDLERS!

WELL, WE HAD YOU WALK ALL THE WAY OVER HOME HERE FOR THAT DOLLAR BECAUSE WE REALLY NEED IT—WE HAVE TO HAVE A NEW TUBE FOR OUR RADIO.

WE FIXED UP THE CLUB'S RADIO AN' WE FIGURED YOU COULD SUPPLY TH' TUBE.
SAY, FROGGIE—DON'T THOSE TWO MEN LOOK FAMILIAR?
SURE!

THAT'S THE DEACON AND OXTAIL... REMEMBER, THEY WERE THE ONES WHO RAN AWAY FROM THE COPS—AND LEFT YOU WITH A BEAR.
OH, YEAH, A DANCING BEAR.

LOOK, THEY'RE DUCKING INTO O'TOOLE'S SECONDHAND CLOTHING STORE!


NOW WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

BUDDIE, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING OUTFIT?
ME—WHAT ELSE?

HOW DO I LOOK IN THIS?
I'LL TELL YOU WHEN YOU BUY IT.

MIND YOUR MANNERS, MY GOOD MAN, OR WE'LL TAKE OUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE
WHAT A BLOW.

YOU LOOK GREAT EXCEPT FOR YOUR TIE BEING A LITTLE LONG.

THERE! YOUR OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU.
YOU MEAN SHE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO HIM IF SHE DID.

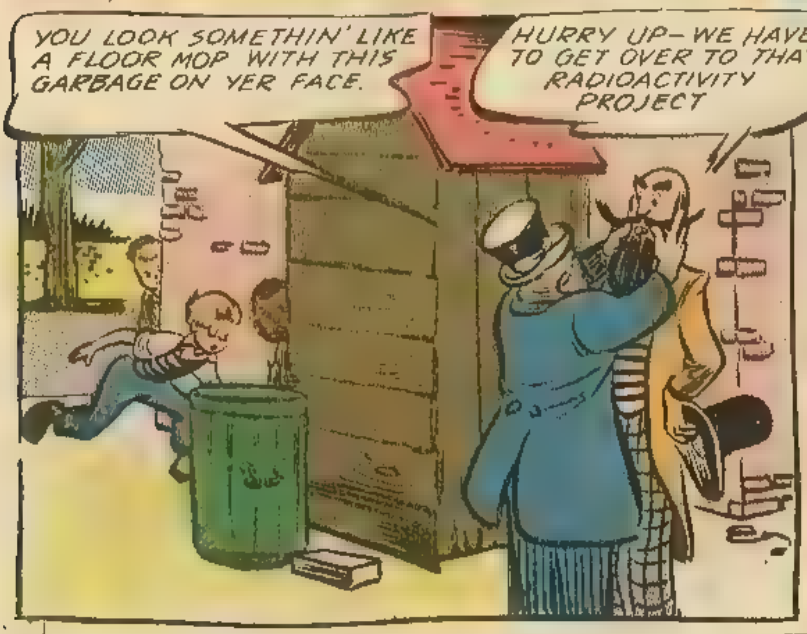
O'TOOLE, YOU OWE US AN APOLOGY!
AND YOU OWE ME THIRTEEN BUCKS.

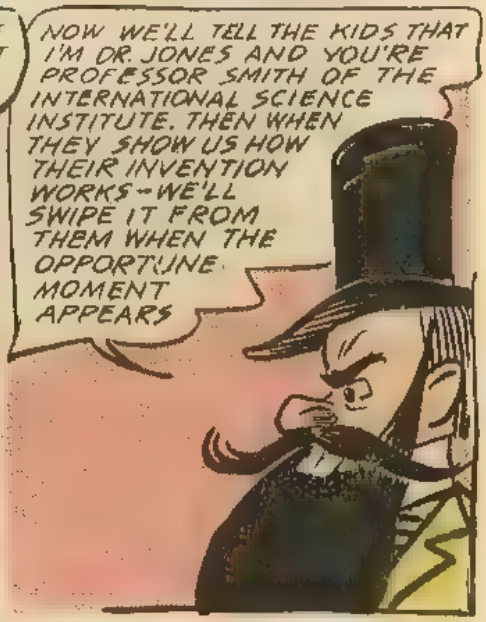
RIDICULOUS!
GET OUT OF MY CLOTHES SO I WON'T SPOIL 'EM WITH BULLET HOLES.

OUTRAGEOUS!
AAAH-MILLIONAIRES LIKE US GOT DOUGH IN EVERY POCKET.
10-11 12-13-RIGHT

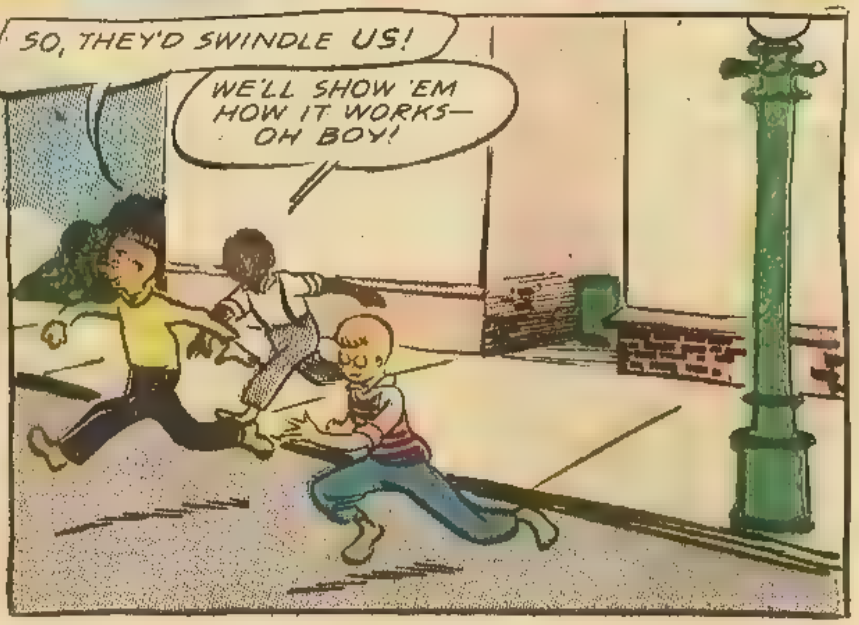
COME ON DOWN THIS ALLEY, OXTAIL.. I'LL PUT ON MY BEARD—AND THEN WE'LL HEAD FOR THE KIDS' CELLAR

WE BETTER SNEAK UP ON THOSE FAKERS AND FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE DOING—THEY'RE ALWAYS OUT TO BAMBOOZLE SOMEBODY
O'TOOLE
SECOND HAND CLOTHING


YOU LOOK SOMETHIN' LIKE A FLOOR MOP WITH THIS GARBAGE ON YER FACE.
HURRY UP—WE HAVE TO GET OVER TO THAT RADIOACTIVITY PROJECT

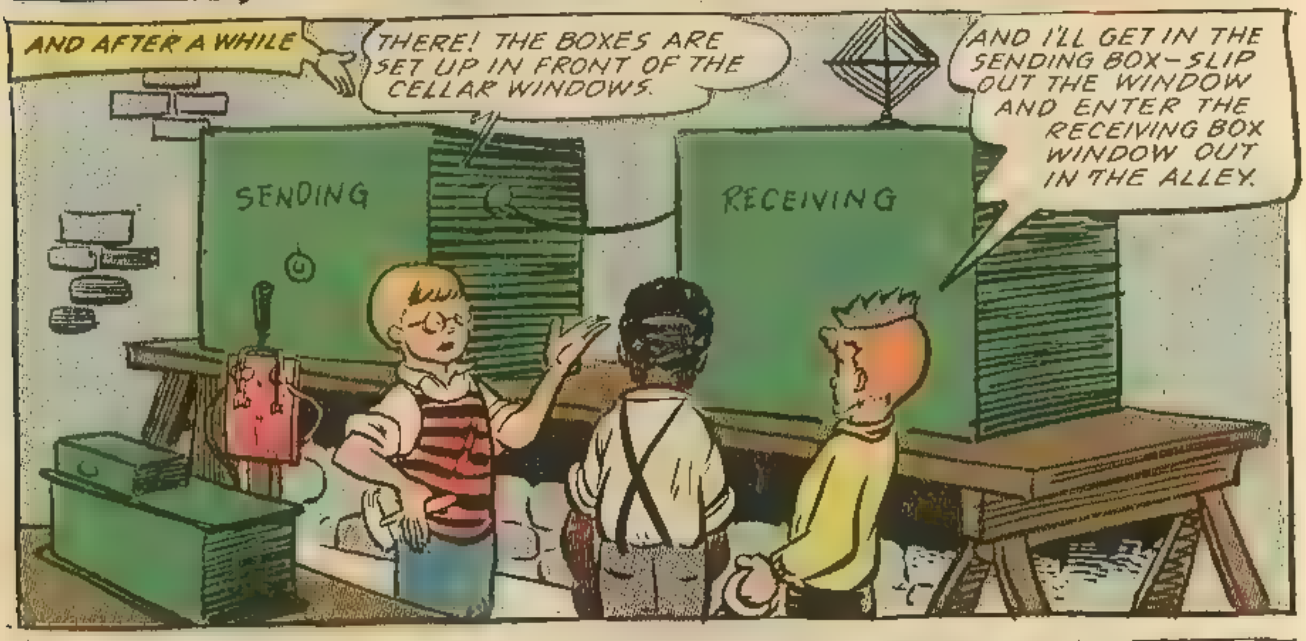

NOW WE'LL TELL THE KIDS THAT I'M DR. JONES AND YOU'RE PROFESSOR SMITH OF THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE INSTITUTE. THEN WHEN THEY SHOW US HOW THEIR INVENTION WORKS—WE'LL SWIPE IT FROM THEM WHEN THE OPPORTUNE MOMENT APPEARS

PSSST—LET'S SNEAK BACK AND PREPARE A WARM WELCOME FOR THESE TWO TURKEYS

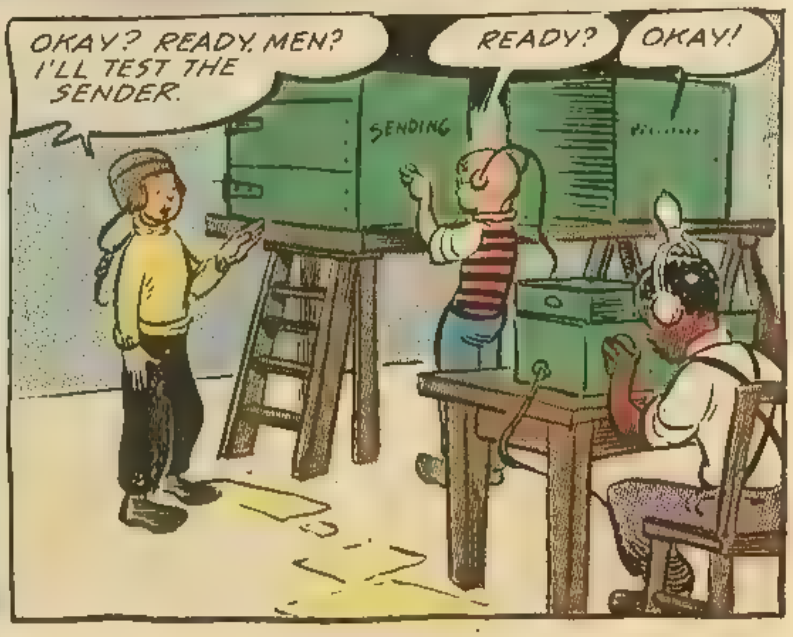

SO, THEY'D SWINDLE US!
WE'LL SHOW 'EM HOW IT WORKS—OH BOY!

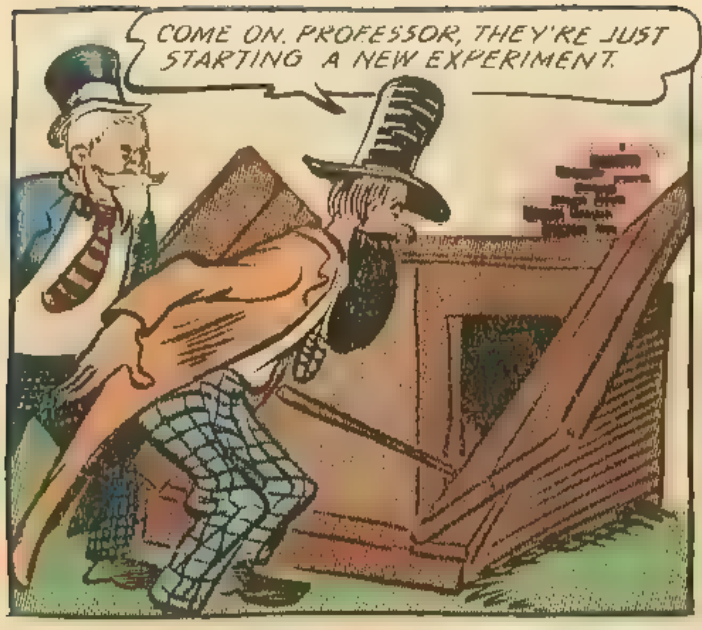
WHAT CAN WE DO TO TRAP THEM?
WE SHOULDN'T LET THEM KNOW WE SUSPECT THEM!
NO, WE'LL GIVE THEM A DEMONSTRATION... JUST ACCEPT WHATEVER THEY SAY ABOUT THEMSELVES.

FIRST WE OUGHT TO RIG UP SOMETHING THAT WILL BACKFIRE ON THESE TWO BUNCO ARTISTS... NOW LET'S GET SOME BIGGER BOXES AND—

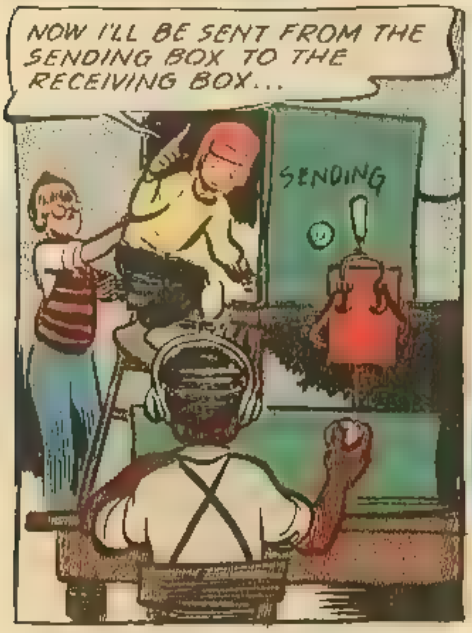

AND AFTER A WHILE
THERE! THE BOXES ARE SET UP IN FRONT OF THE CELLAR WINDOWS.
AND I'LL GET IN THE SENDING BOX—SLIP OUT THE WINDOW AND ENTER THE RECEIVING BOX WINDOW OUT IN THE ALLEY.
SENDING
RECEIVING

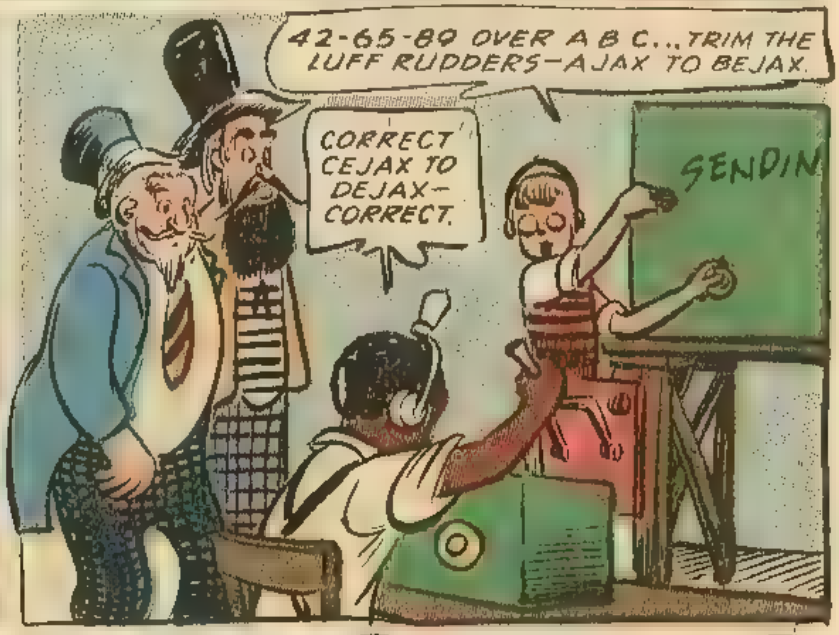
SHHH—I THINK THEY'RE COMING—YEAH—LOOK BUSY! HERE COME THE TWO EMINENT AUTHORITIES.

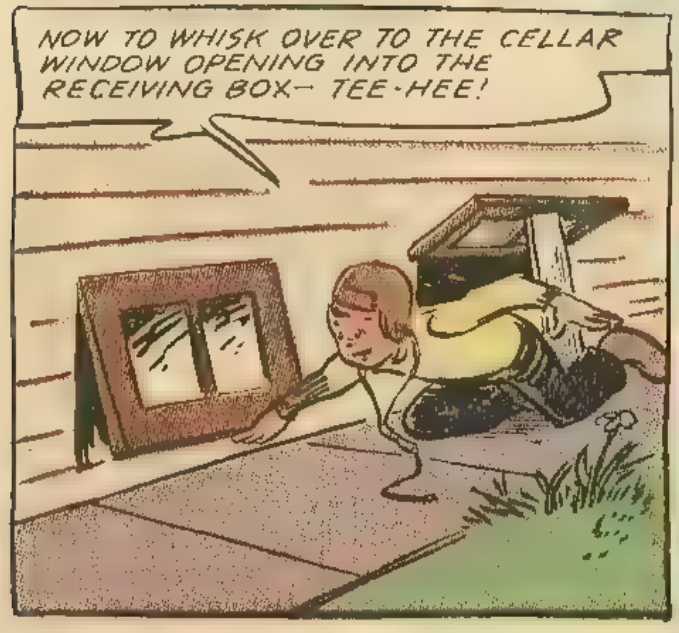

OKAY? READY, MEN? I'LL TEST THE SENDER.
READY?
OKAY!
SENDING

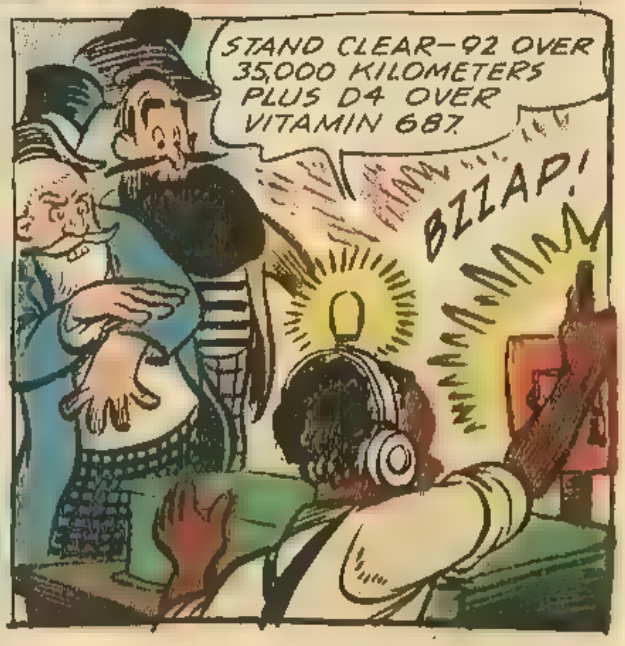

COME ON, PROFESSOR, THEY'RE JUST STARTING A NEW EXPERIMENT.

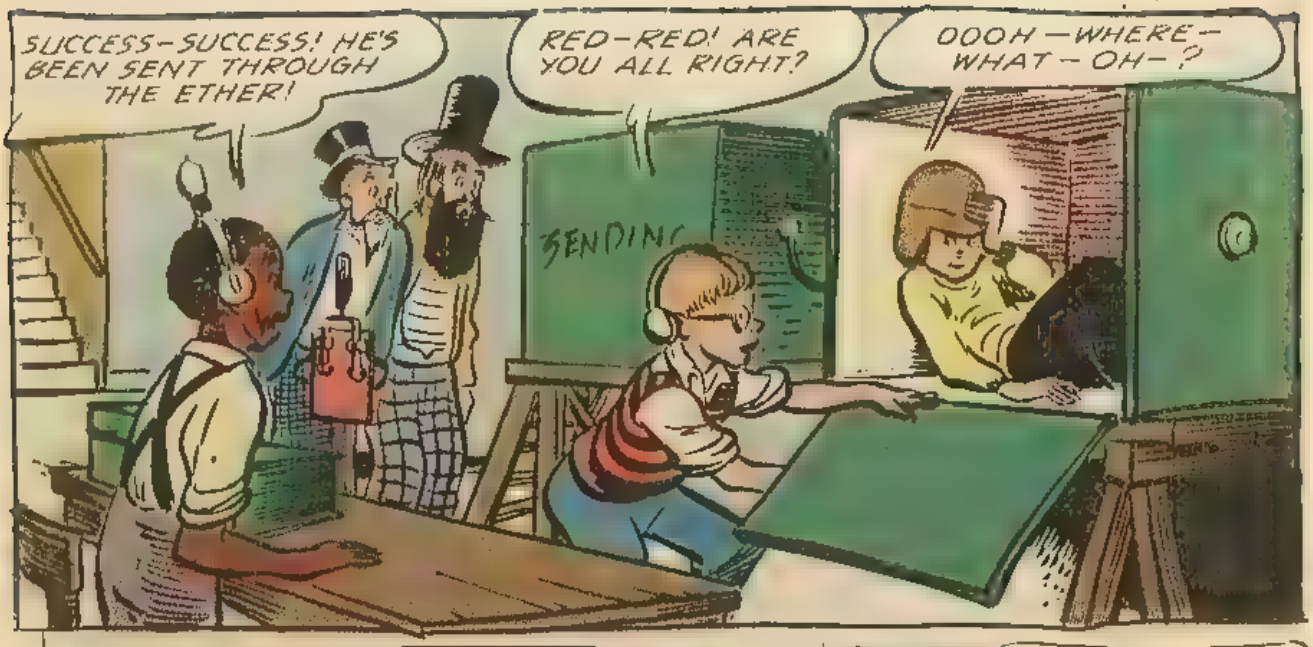
AH, GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN, I'M DR. JONES AND THIS IS PROFESSOR SMITH-WE-UH—
JUST A MINUTE, DR. JONES...

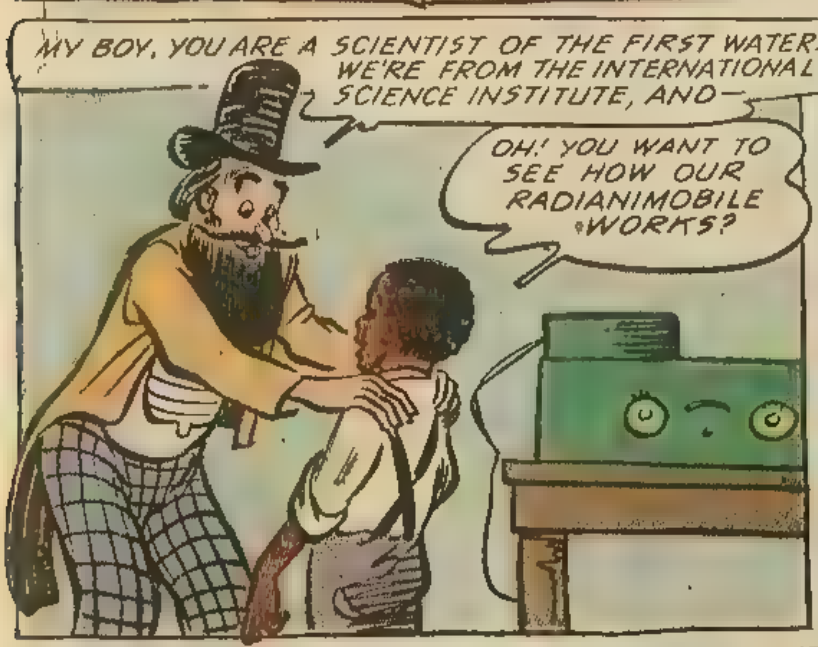

NOW I'LL BE SENT FROM THE SENDING BOX TO THE RECEIVING BOX...
SENDING


42-65-89 OVER A B C... TRIM THE LUFF RUDDERS—AJAX TO BEJAX.
CORRECT CEJAX TO DEJAX—CORRECT.
SENDIN


NOW TO WHISK OVER TO THE CELLAR WINDOW OPENING INTO THE RECEIVING BOX— TEE-HEE!

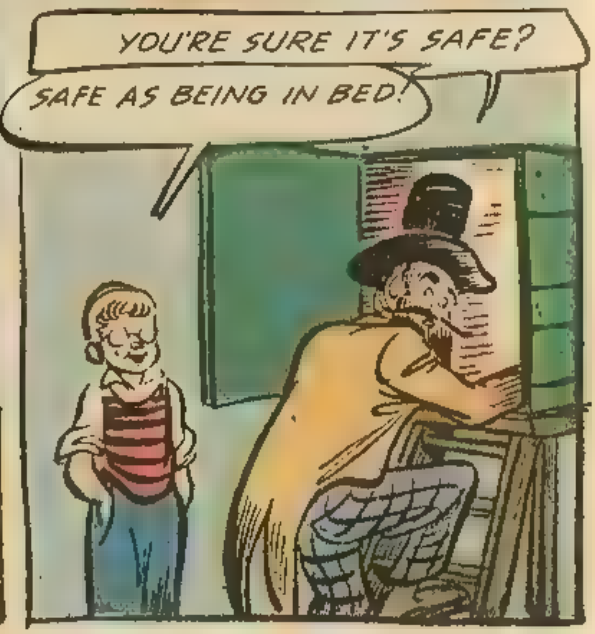

STAND CLEAR—92 OVER 35,000 KILOMETERS PLUS D4 OVER VITAMIN 687.
BZZAP!


SUCCESS-SUCCESS! HE'S BEEN SENT THROUGH THE ETHER!
RED-RED! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OOOH—WHERE—WHAT—OH—?
SENDING

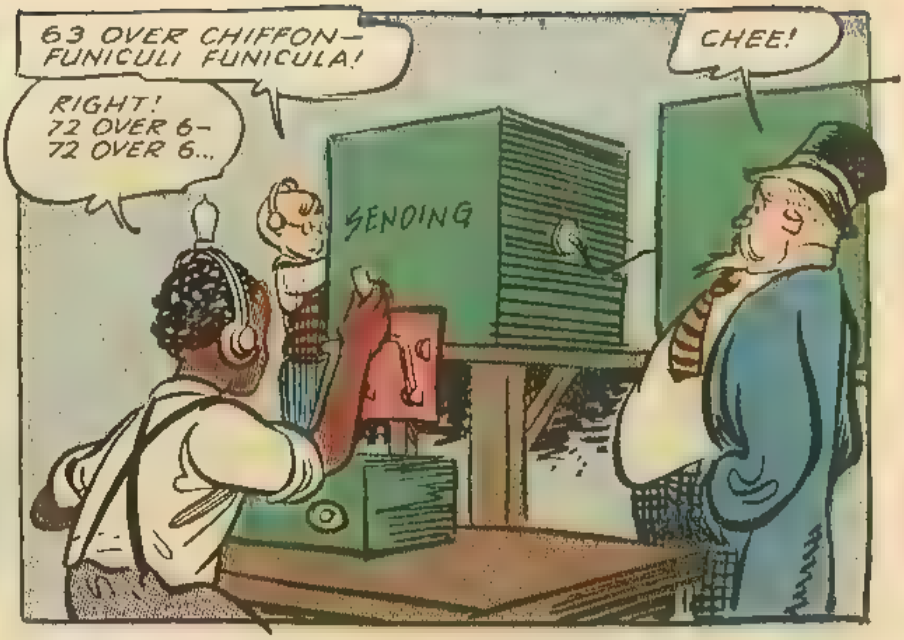

MY BOY, YOU ARE A SCIENTIST OF THE FIRST WATER... WE'RE FROM THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE INSTITUTE, AND—
OH! YOU WANT TO SEE HOW OUR RADIANIMOBILE WORKS?

WHY, WE'D BE DELIGHTED, ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED!

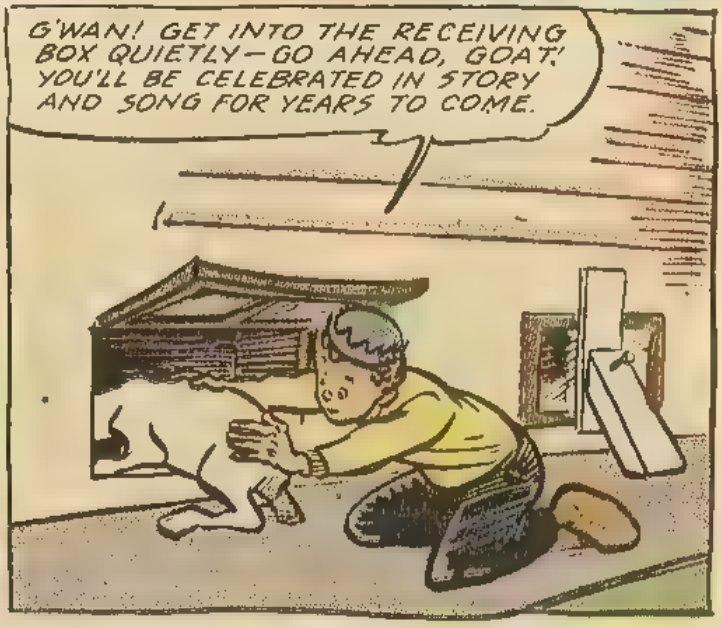
GOOD—IF YOU'LL CLIMB INTO THE SENDING BOX, WE'LL RADIO YOU TO THE RECEIVING SET.
WELL—I—UH—WELL, ALL RIGHT.

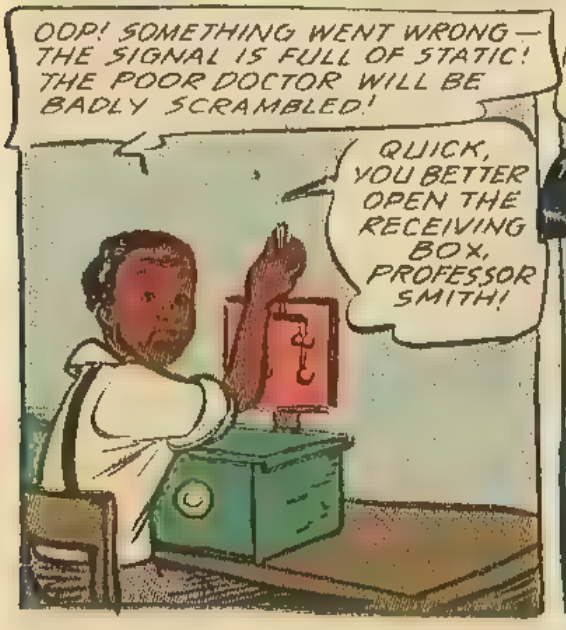

YOU'RE SURE IT'S SAFE?
SAFE AS BEING IN BED!

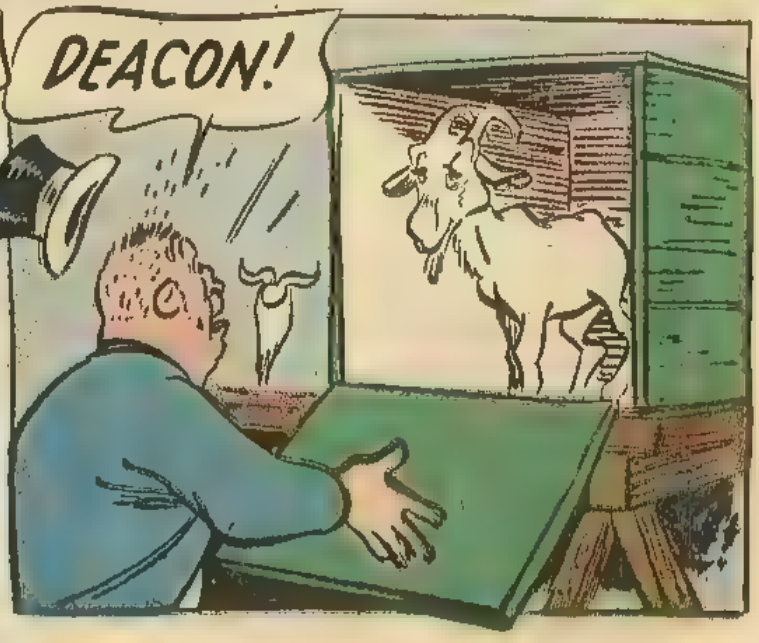
I'M GOING OUT TO GET SOME FRESH AIR AFTER THAT EXPERIENCE.

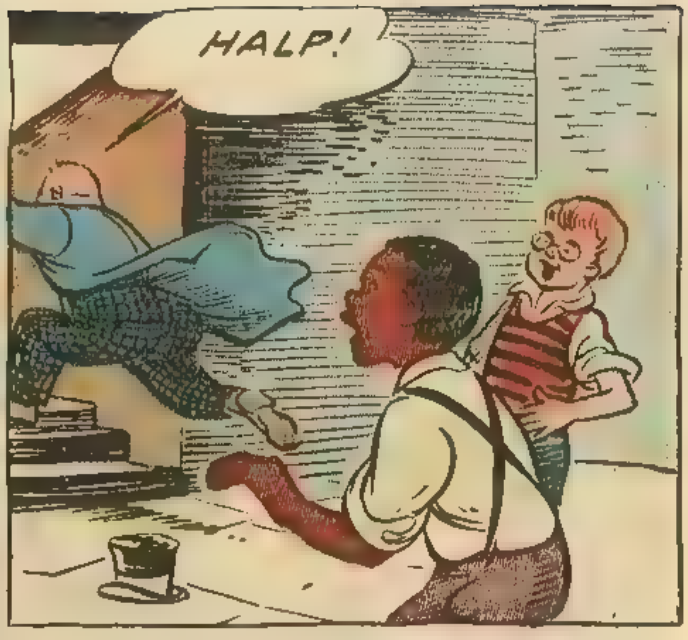

63 OVER CHIFFON— FUNICULI FUNICULA!
RIGHT! 72 OVER 6— 72 OVER 6...
SENDING
CHEE!

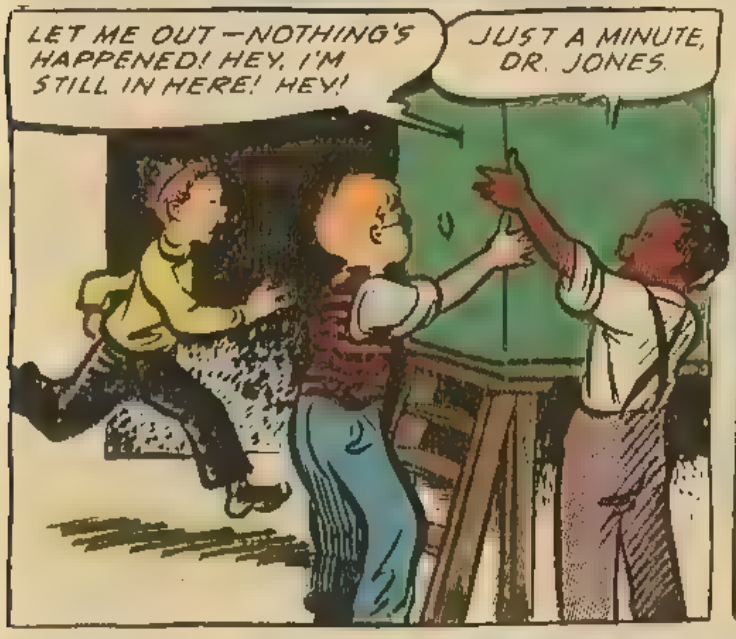
COME ON, JULIP, BE A SPORT... DON'T YOU HAVE ANY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY?

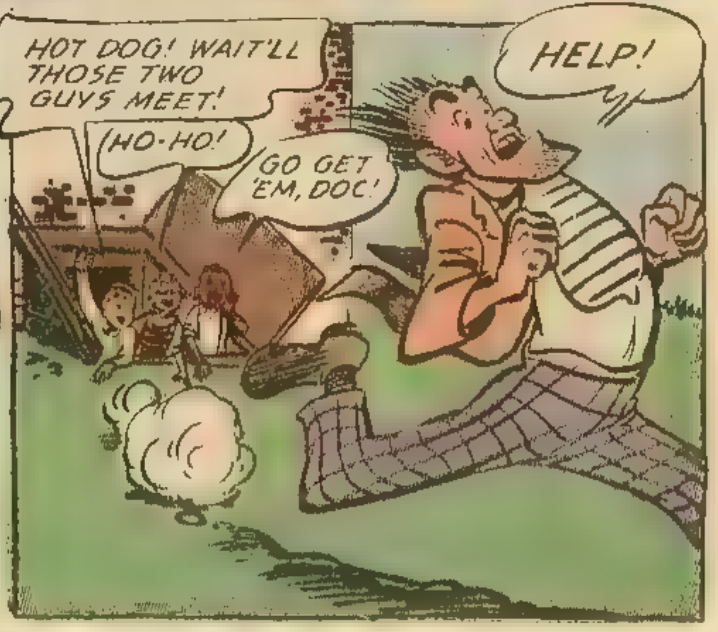

G'WAN! GET INTO THE RECEIVING BOX QUIETLY—GO AHEAD, GOAT! YOU'LL BE CELEBRATED IN STORY AND SONG FOR YEARS TO COME.


OOP! SOMETHING WENT WRONG— THE SIGNAL IS FULL OF STATIC! THE POOR DOCTOR WILL BE BADLY SCRAMBLED!
QUICK, YOU BETTER OPEN THE RECEIVING BOX, PROFESSOR SMITH!

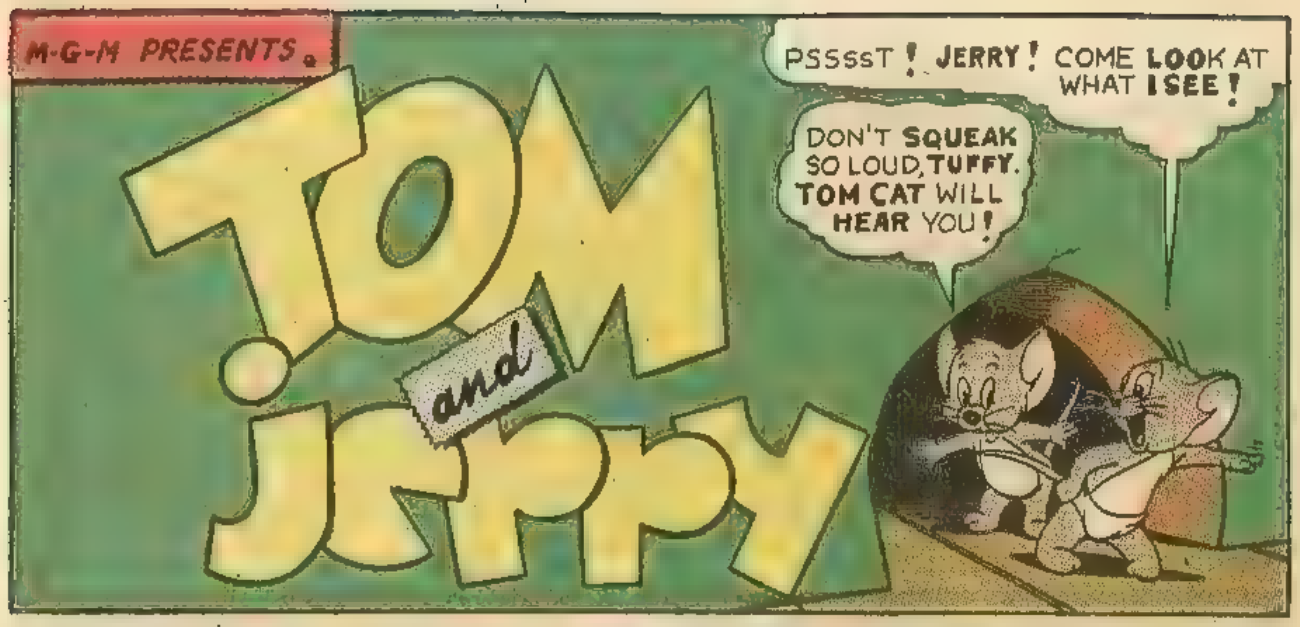

DEACON!

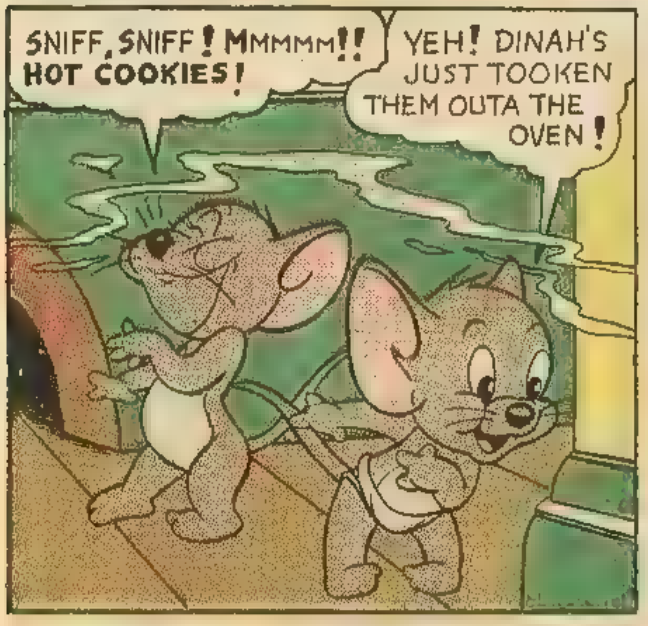






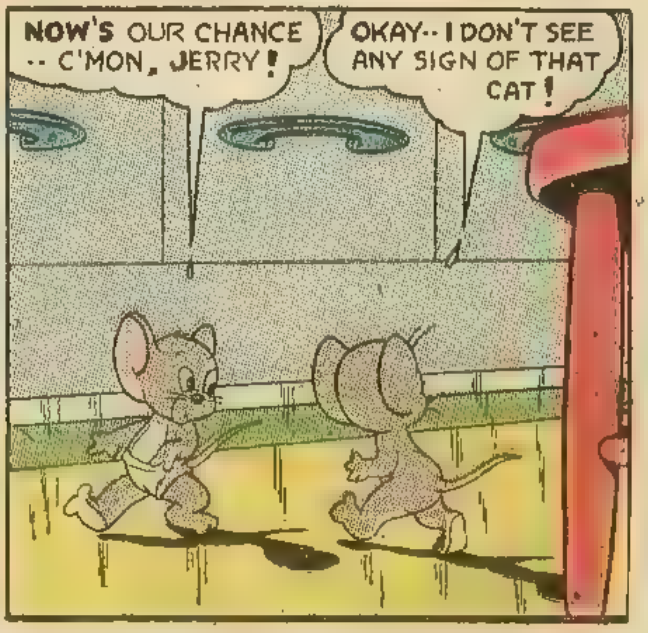
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

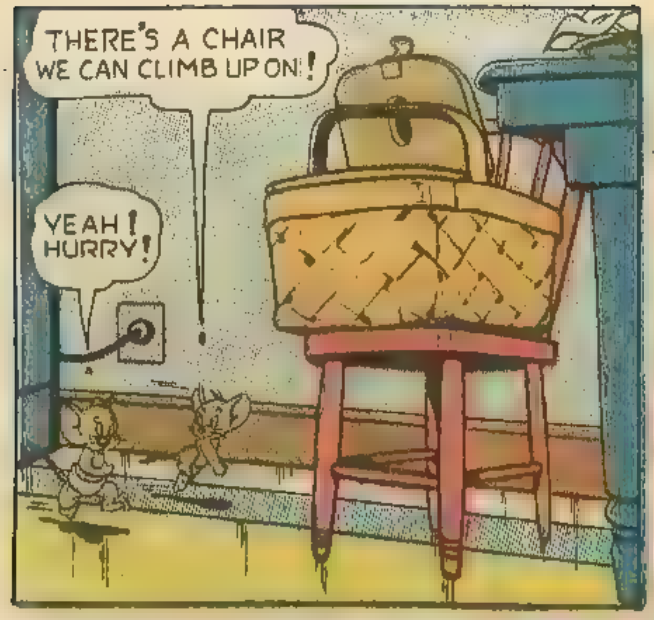

M-G-M PRESENTS.
TOM and JERRY
PSSssT! JERRY! COME LOOK AT WHAT I SEE!
DON'T SQUEAK SO LOUD, TUFFY. TOM CAT WILL HEAR YOU!

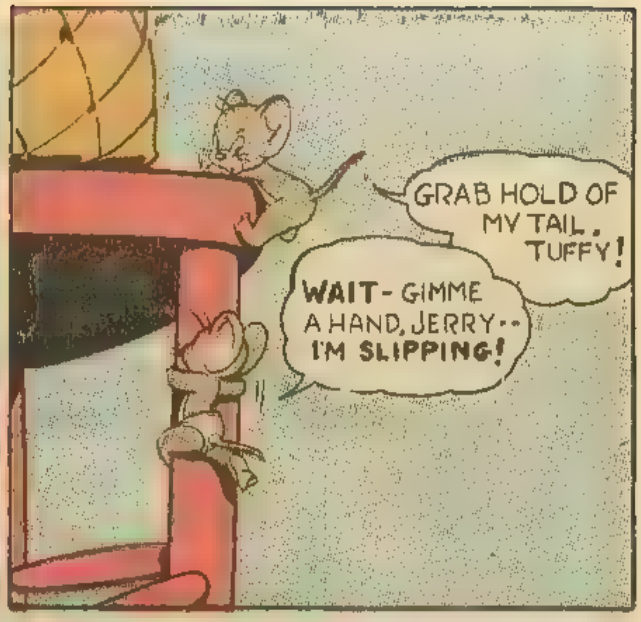

SNIFF, SNIFF! MMMMM!! HOT COOKIES!
YEH! DINAH'S JUST TOOKEN THEM OUTA THE OVEN!

AH'LL JES' COVER THESE HEAH COOKIES TO KEEP DE FLIES OFF...

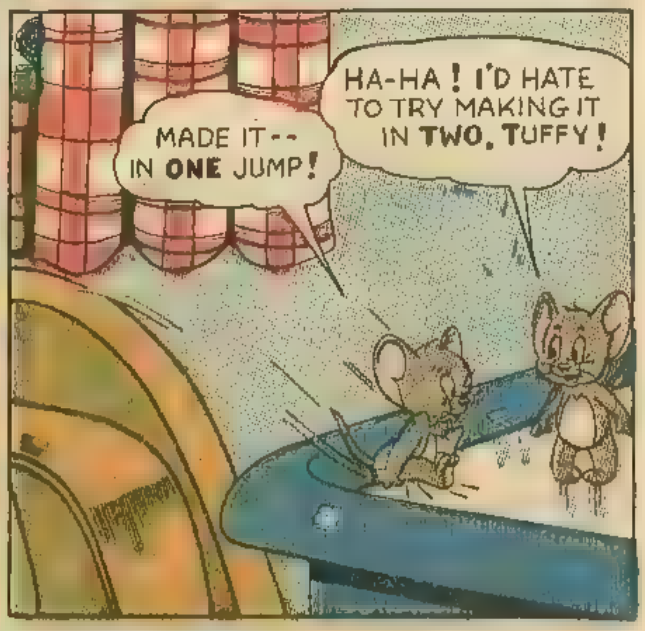
...WHILE AH GOES TO ASK MISS ALICE WHAT-ALL SHE WANT FROM DE GROCERY STOAH.

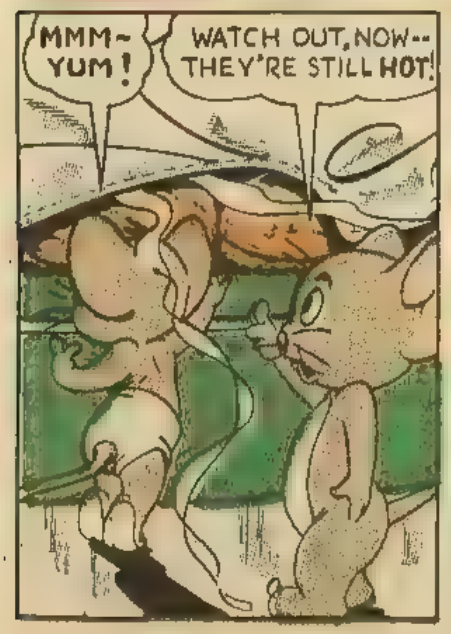

NOW'S OUR CHANCE -- C'MON, JERRY!
OKAY-- I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF THAT CAT!


THERE'S A CHAIR WE CAN CLIMB UP ON!
YEAH! HURRY!


GRAB HOLD OF MY TAIL, TUFFY!
WAIT - GIMME A HAND, JERRY -- I'M SLIPPING!

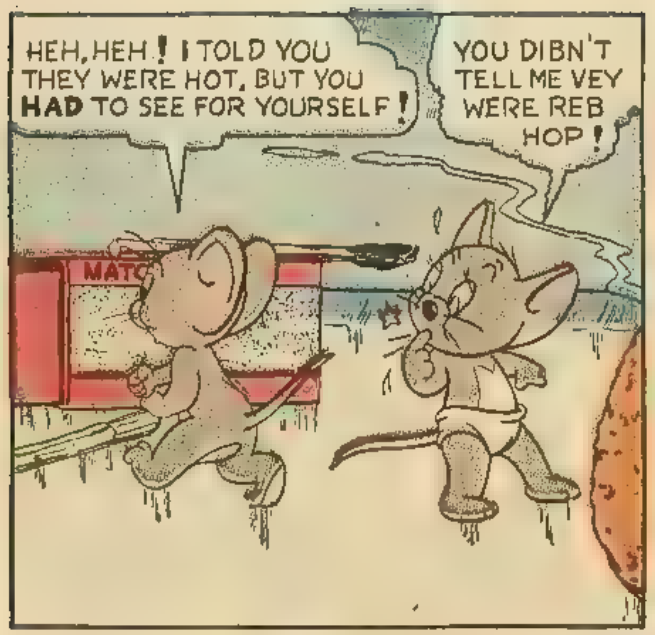
WHO CARES? THE COOKIES ARE UP THERE!
HUH -- IT'S EMPTY!


MADE IT -- IN ONE JUMP!
HA-HA! I'D HATE TO TRY MAKING IT IN TWO, TUFFY!

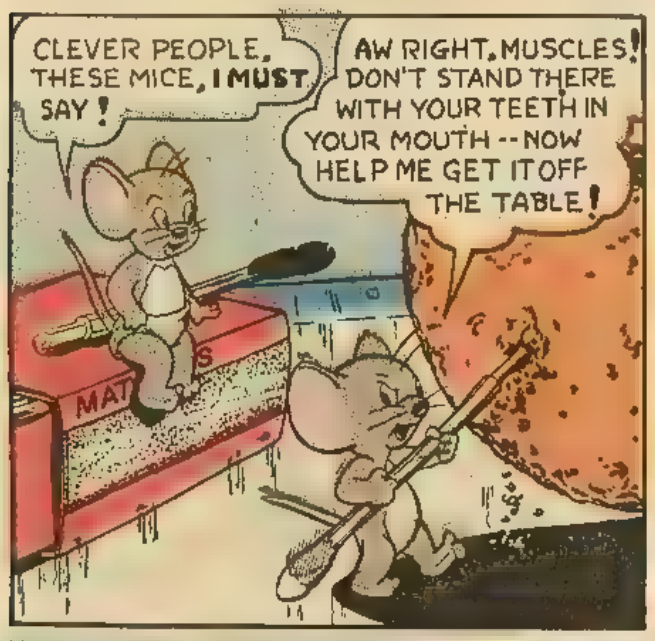

MMM - YUM!
WATCH OUT, NOW -- THEY'RE STILL HOT!

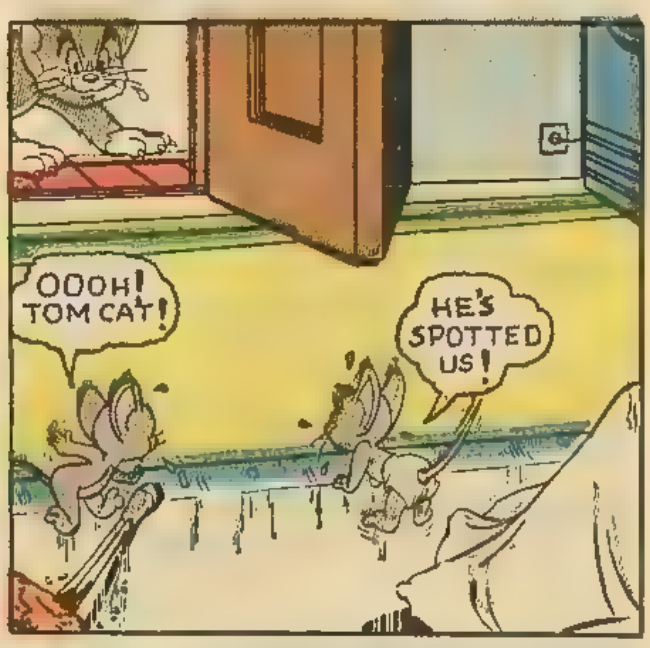
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BIGGEST!

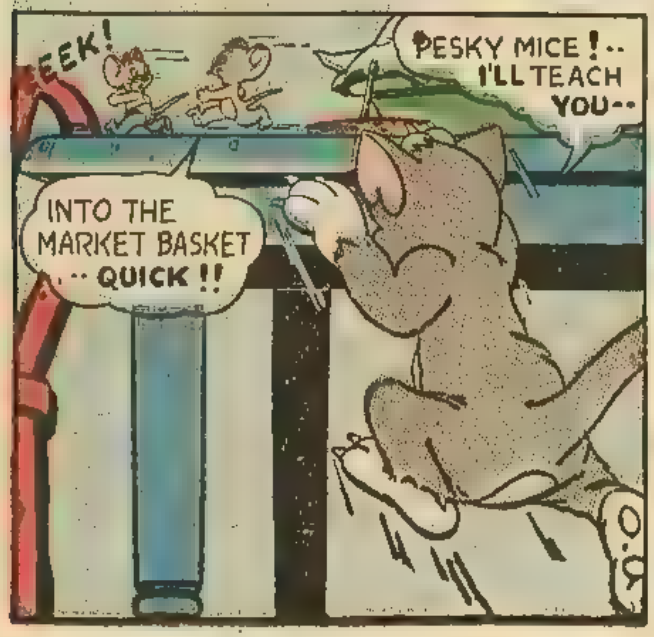
EEKEE - EEK! IT BIT ME!

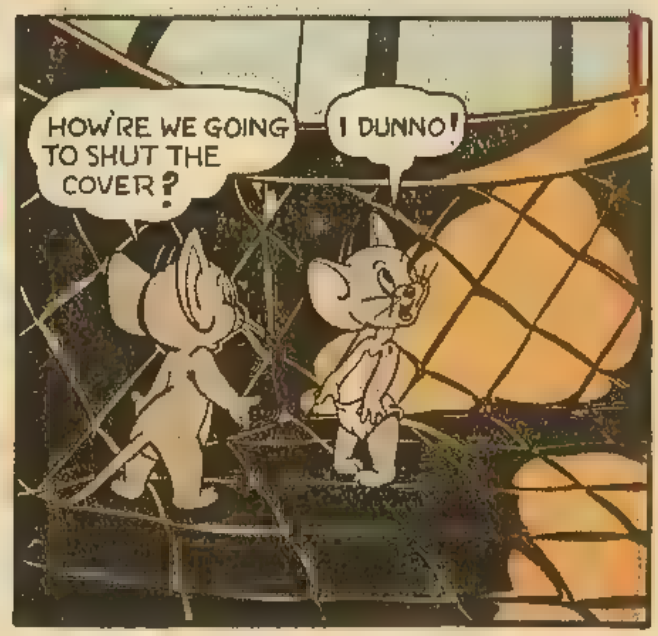

HEH, HEH! I TOLD YOU THEY WERE HOT, BUT YOU HAD TO SEE FOR YOURSELF!
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME VEY WERE REB HOP!

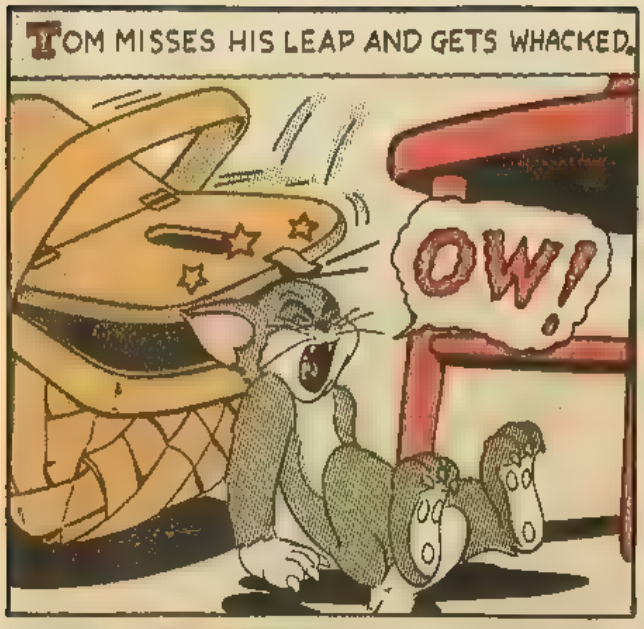
HERE -- LET ME SHOW YOU THE SMART WAY TO HANDLE A HOT COOKIE -- JUST TAKE A MATCH STICK, AND...


CLEVER PEOPLE, THESE MICE, I MUST SAY!
AW RIGHT, MUSCLES! DON'T STAND THERE WITH YOUR TEEETH IN YOUR MOUTH -- NOW HELP ME GET IT OFF THE TABLE!


OOOH! TOM CAT!
HE'S SPOTTED US!

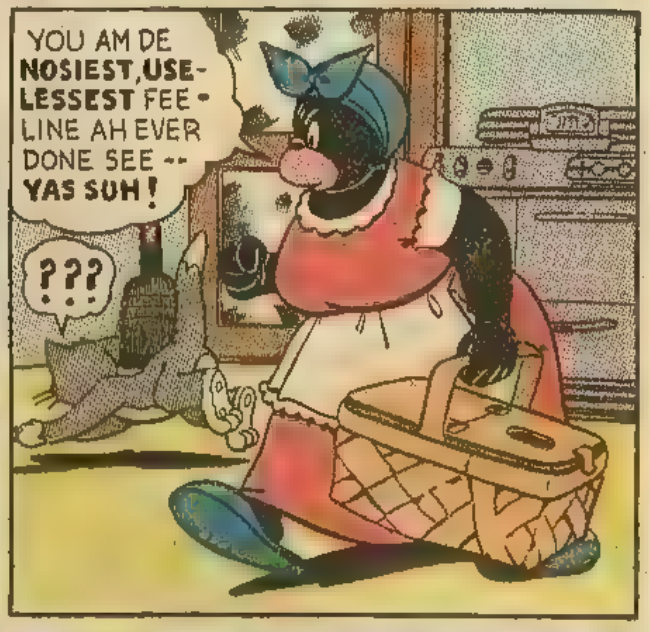

EEK!
PESKY MICE! -- I'LL TEACH YOU--
INTO THE MARKET BASKET ... QUICK!!

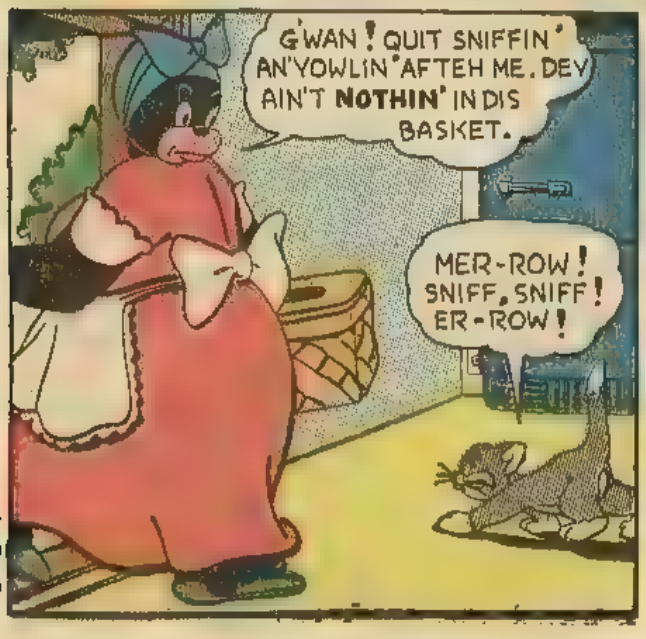

HOW'RE WE GOING TO SHUT THE COVER?
I DUNNO!

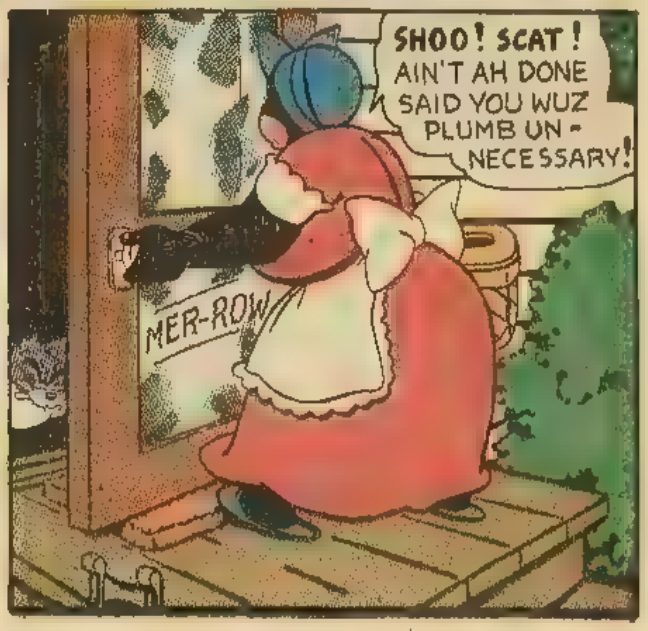

TOM MISSES HIS LEAP AND GETS WHACKED.
OW!

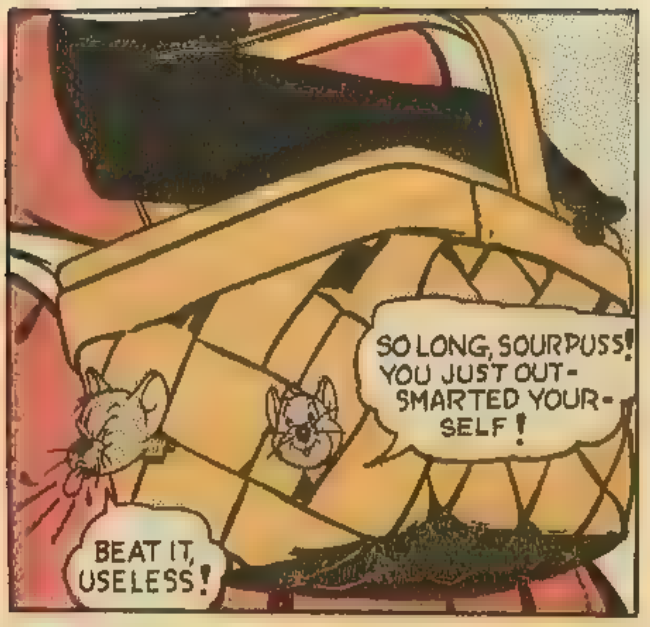
G-GRAB THAT C-COVER AND HOLD IT SHUT!
WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF MYSELF!

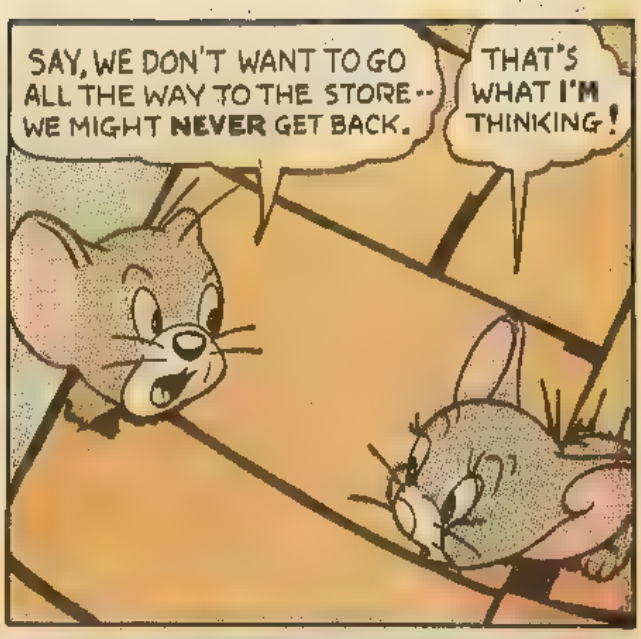
DRAT YOU, TOM CAT! WHAT YOU KNOCKIN' MAH MAHKET BASKET AROUND FO'?

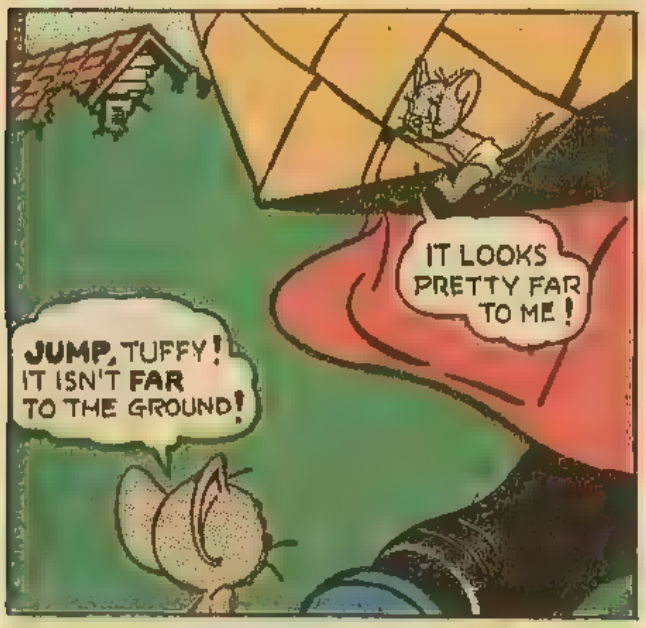

YOU AM DE NOSIEST, USELESSEST FEELINE AH EVER DONE SEE -- YAS SUH!
???

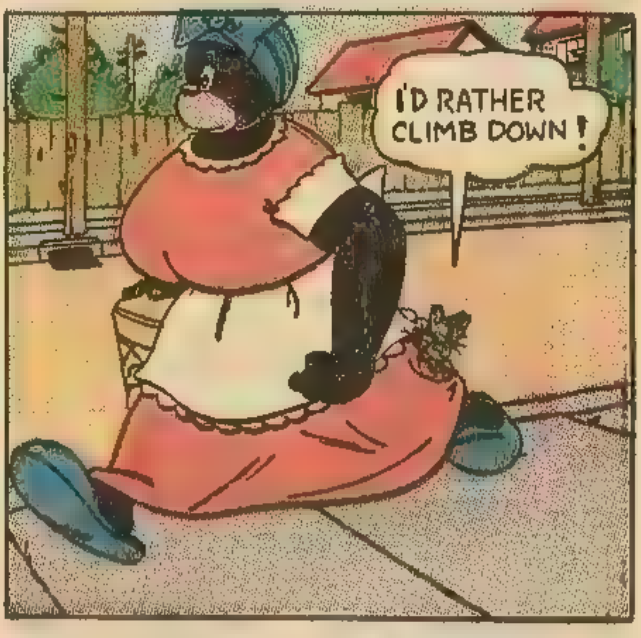

G'WAN! QUIT SNIFFIN' AN' YOWLIN' AFTEH ME. DEY AIN'T NOTHIN' IN DIS BASKET.
MER-ROW! SNIFF, SNIFF! ER-ROW!

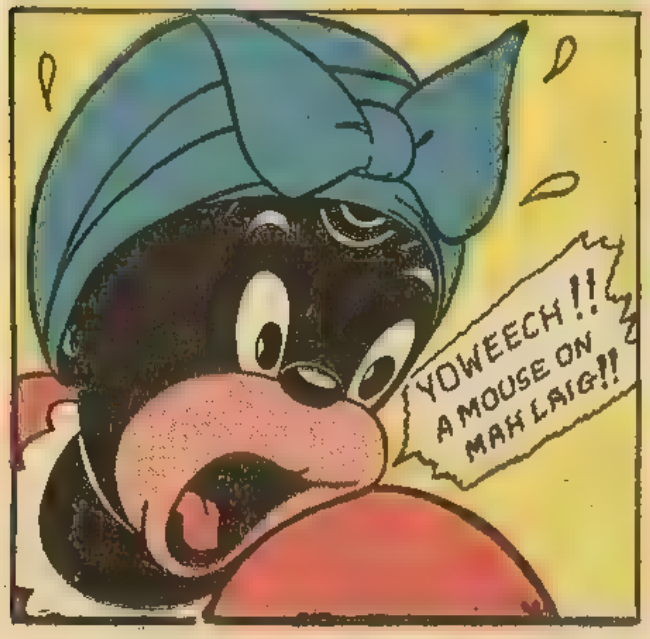

SHOO! SCAT! AIN'T AH DONE SAID YOU WUZ PLUMB UNNECESSARY!
MER-ROW

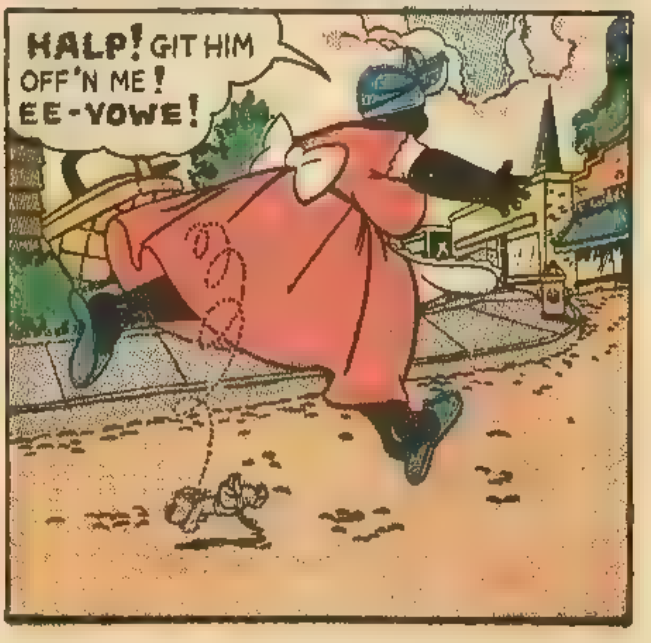

SO LONG, SOURPUSS! YOU JUST OUT-SMARTED YOUR-SELF!
BEAT IT, USELESS!

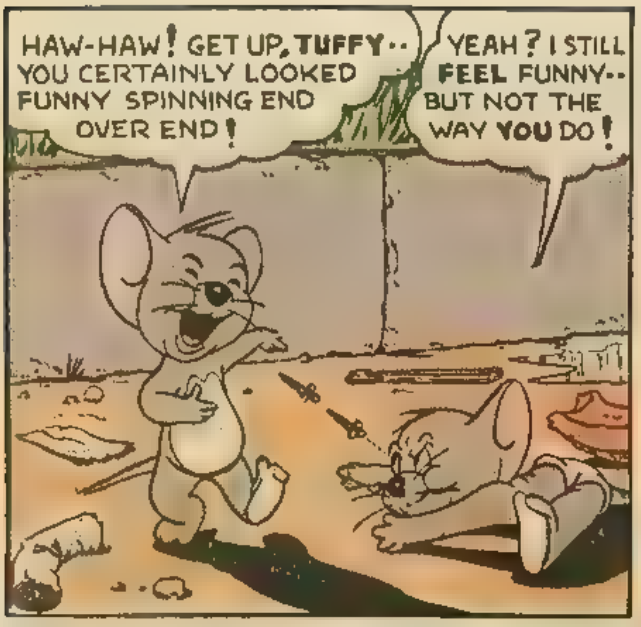

SAY, WE DON'T WANT TO GO ALL THE WAY TO THE STORE -- WE MIGHT NEVER GET BACK.
THAT'S WHAT I'M THINKING!

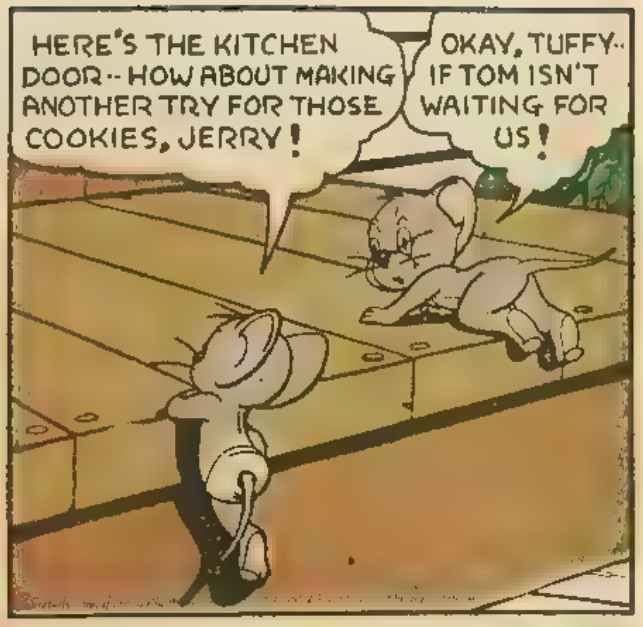

IT LOOKS PRETTY FAR TO ME!
JUMP, TUFFY! IT ISN'T FAR TO THE GROUND!


I'D RATHER CLIMB DOWN!

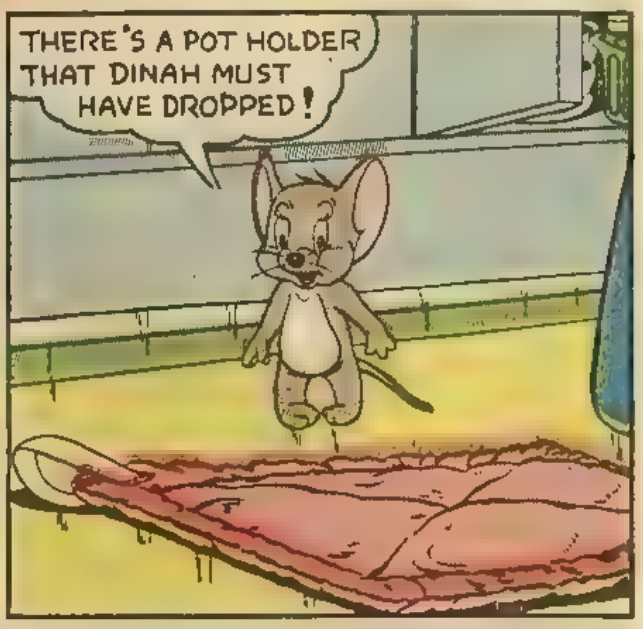

YOWEECH!! A MOUSE ON MAH LAIG!!


HALP! GIT HIM OFF'N ME! EE-YOWE!

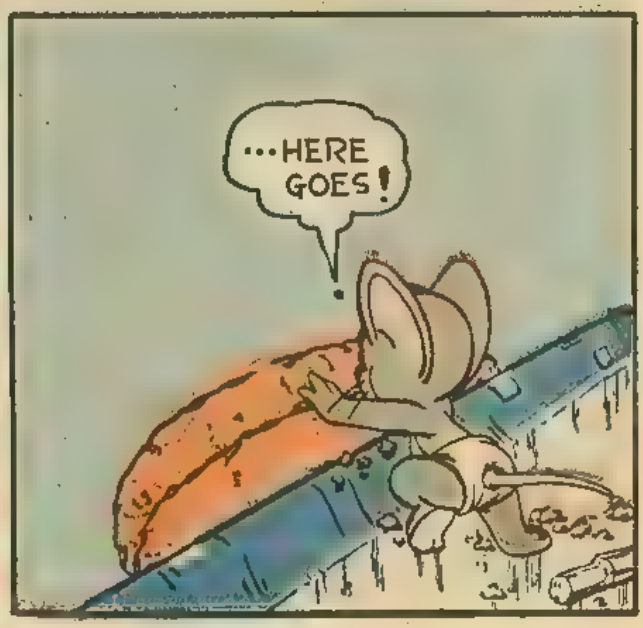

HAW-HAW! GET UP, TUFFY.. YOU CERTAINLY LOOKED FUNNY SPINNING END OVER END!
YEAH? I STILL FEEL FUNNY.. BUT NOT THE WAY YOU DO!

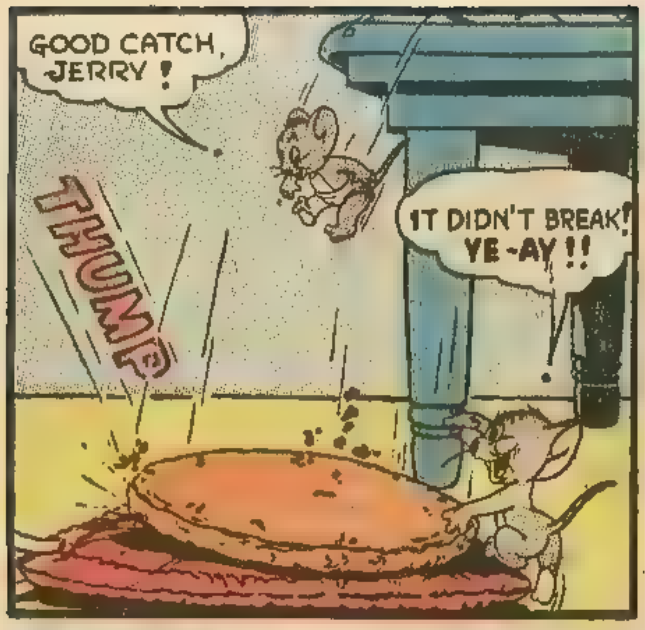

HERE'S THE KITCHEN DOOR.. HOW ABOUT MAKING ANOTHER TRY FOR THOSE COOKIES, JERRY!
OKAY, TUFFY.. IF TOM ISN'T WAITING FOR US!

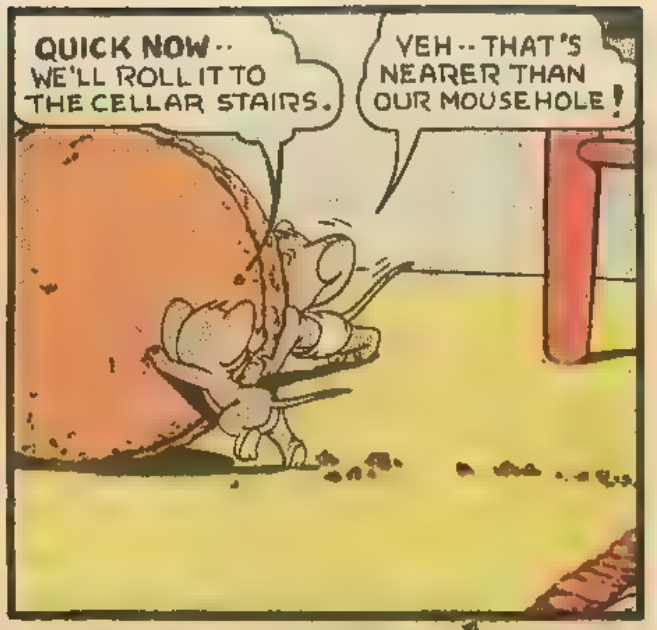
I CAN'T SEE HIDE OR HAIR OF HIM.. BUT THE COOKIES ARE STILL THERE!
GOOD - THIS TIME WE'LL JUST PUSH ONE OFF THE TABLE AND RUN WITH IT.

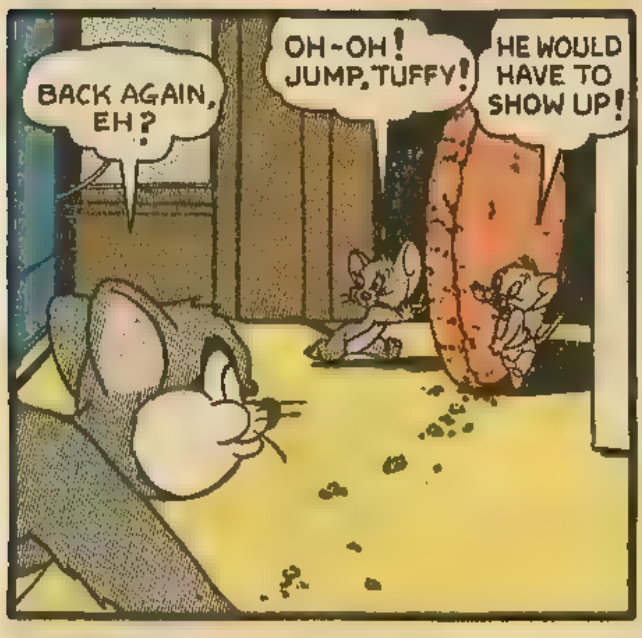

THERE'S A POT HOLDER THAT DINAH MUST HAVE DROPPED!

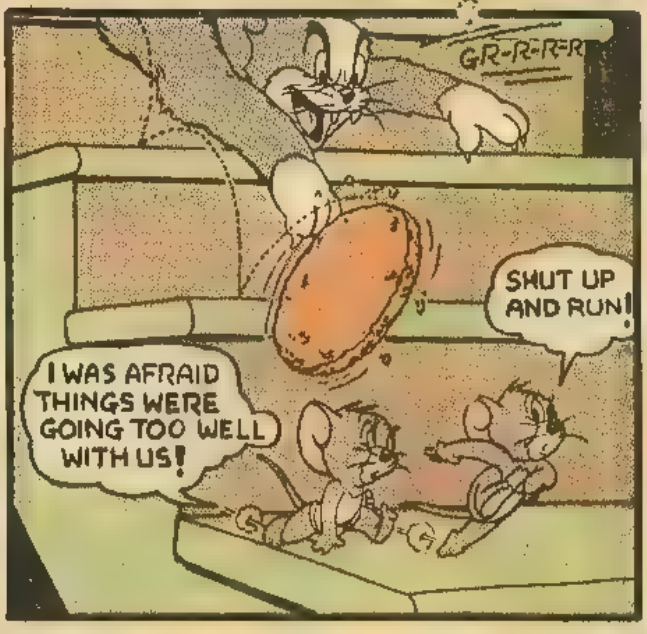
WE'LL LET THE COOKIE FALL ON THIS SO IT WON'T BREAK TO PIECES.
I GET THE IDEA, JERRY.

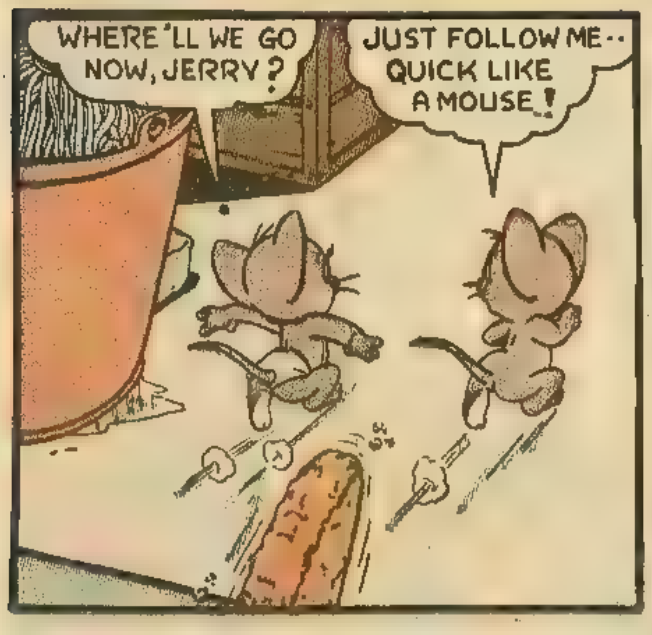

...HERE GOES!

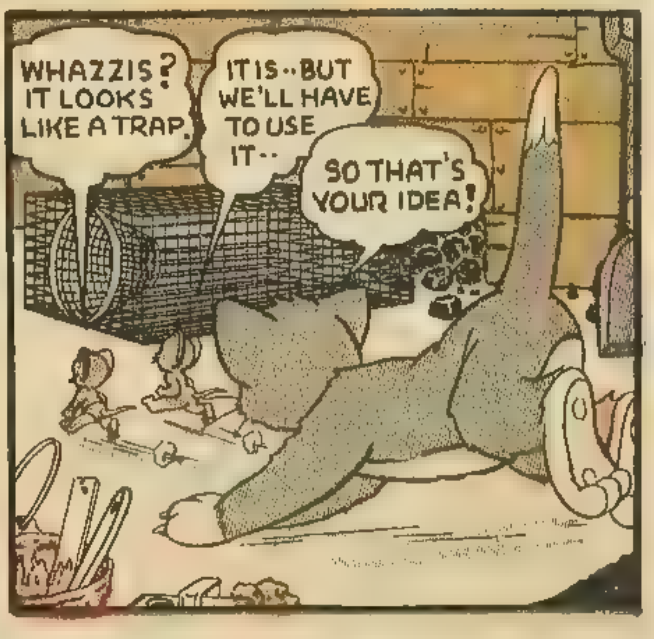

GOOD CATCH, JERRY!
THUMP
IT DIDN'T BREAK! YE-AY!!

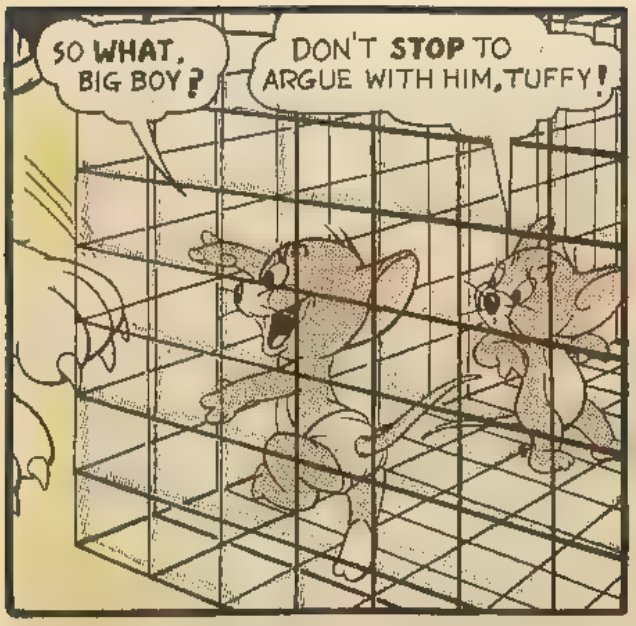

QUICK NOW-- WE'LL ROLL IT TO THE CELLAR STAIRS.
YEH-- THAT'S NEARER THAN OUR MOUSEHOLE!

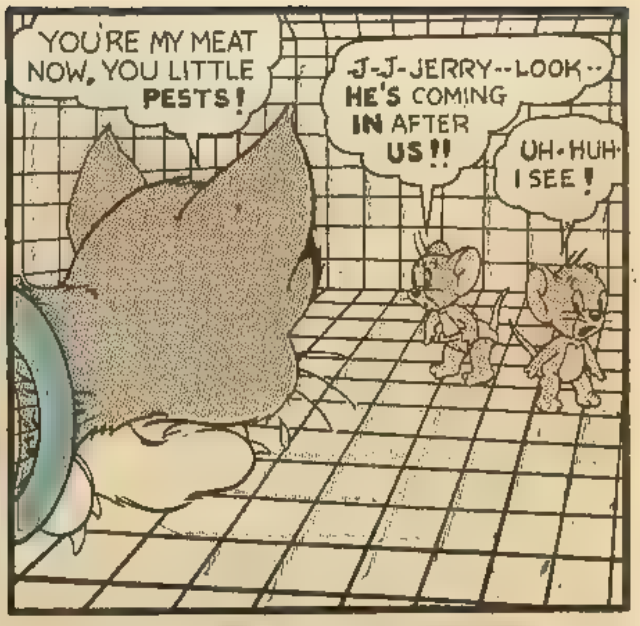

BACK AGAIN, EH?
OH-OH! JUMP, TUFFY!
HE WOULD HAVE TO SHOW UP!

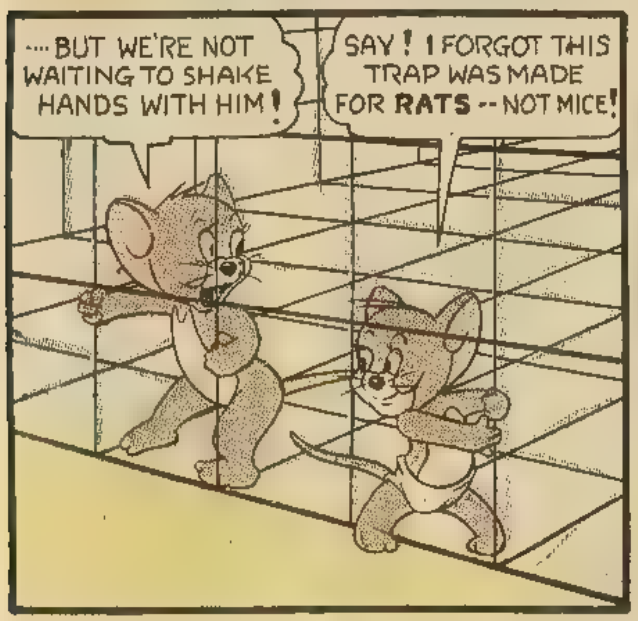

GR-R-R-R
SHUT UP AND RUN!
I WAS AFRAID THINGS WERE GOING TOO WELL WITH US!

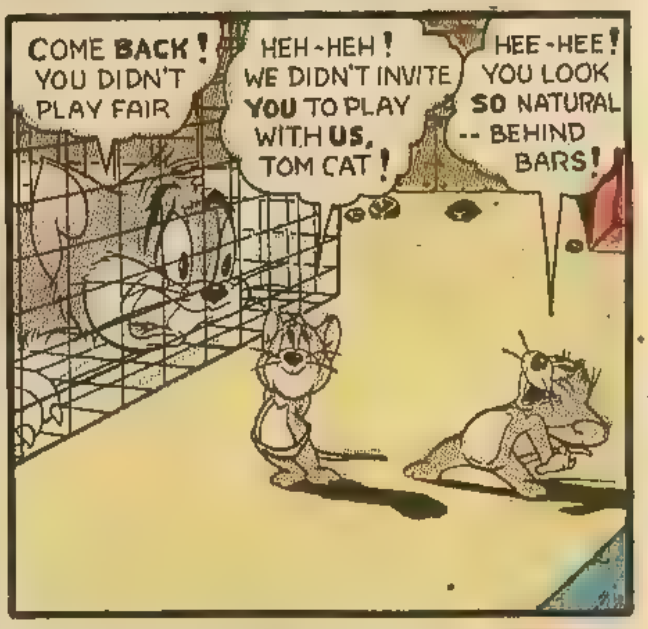

WHERE'LL WE GO NOW, JERRY?
JUST FOLLOW ME-- QUICK LIKE A MOUSE!

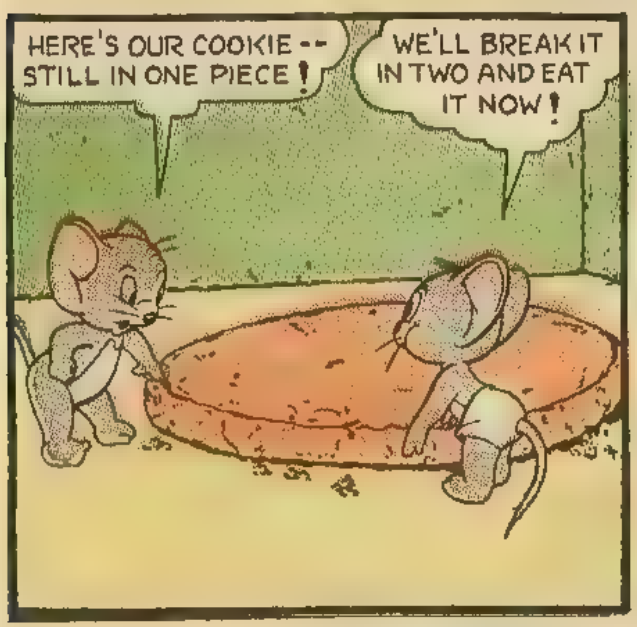

WHAZZIS? IT LOOKS LIKE A TRAP.
IT IS-- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO USE IT--
SO THAT'S YOUR IDEA!

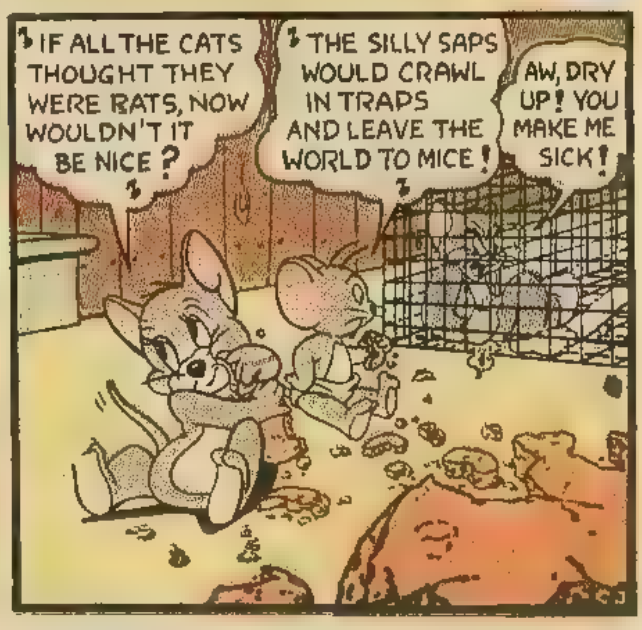




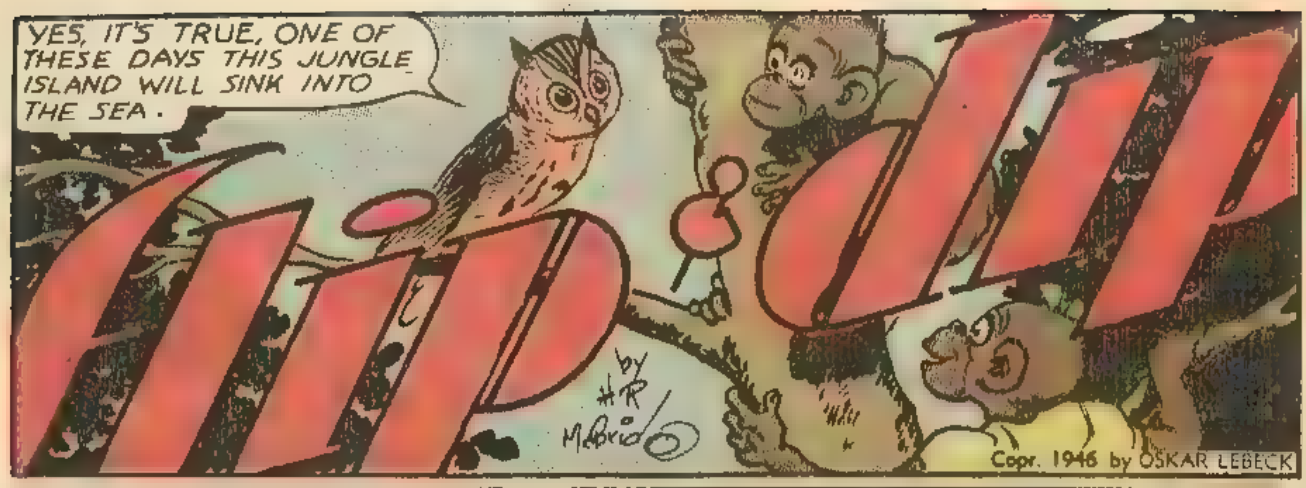


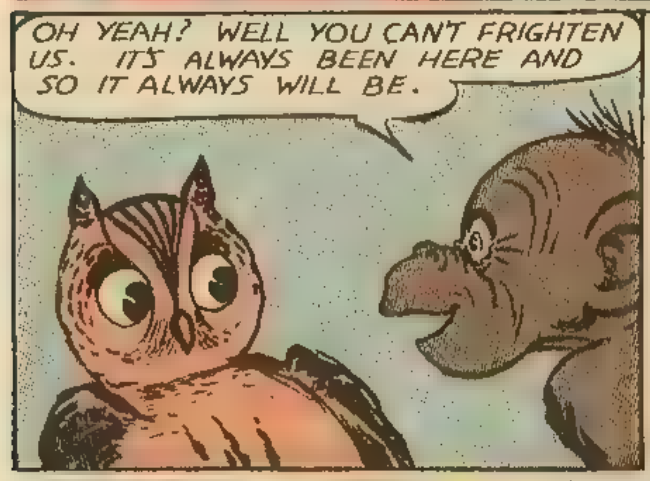


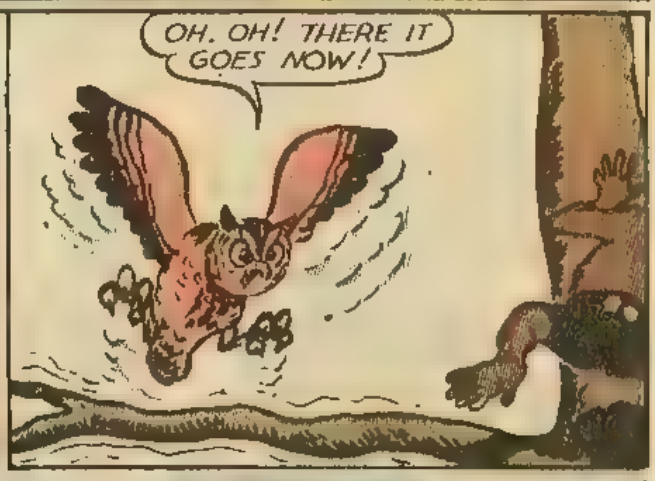




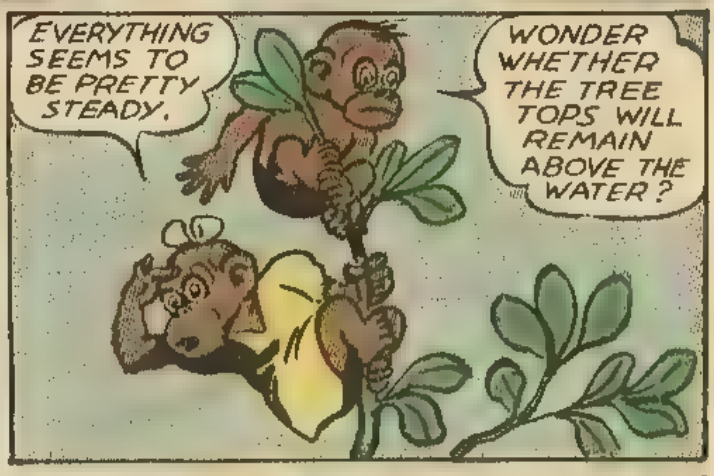
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

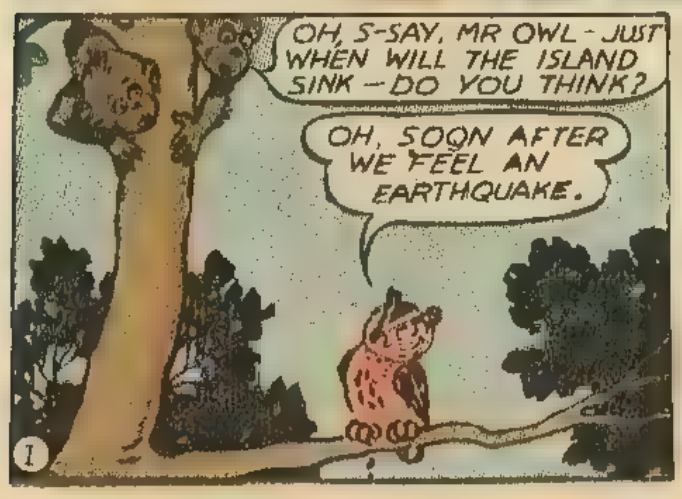

YES, IT'S TRUE, ONE OF THESE DAYS THIS JUNGLE ISLAND WILL SINK INTO THE SEA.
Flip & Flap
by H.R. McBride
Copr. 1946 by OSKAR LEBECK

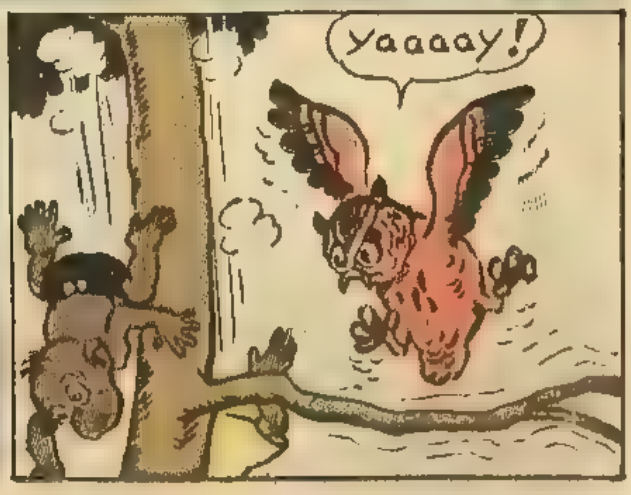

OH YEAH? WELL YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN US. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN HERE AND SO IT ALWAYS WILL BE.


OH. OH! THERE IT GOES NOW!

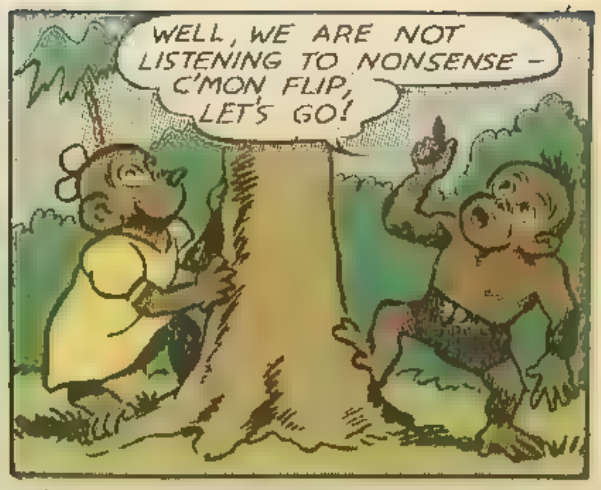
HEH, HEH, HEH!

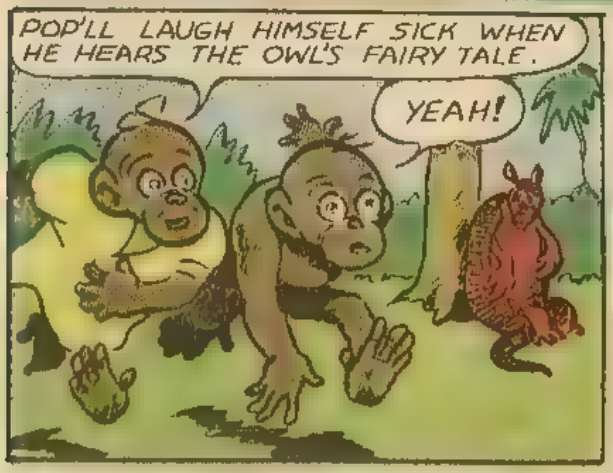

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE PRETTY STEADY.
WONDER WHETHER THE TREE TOPS WILL REMAIN ABOVE THE WATER?

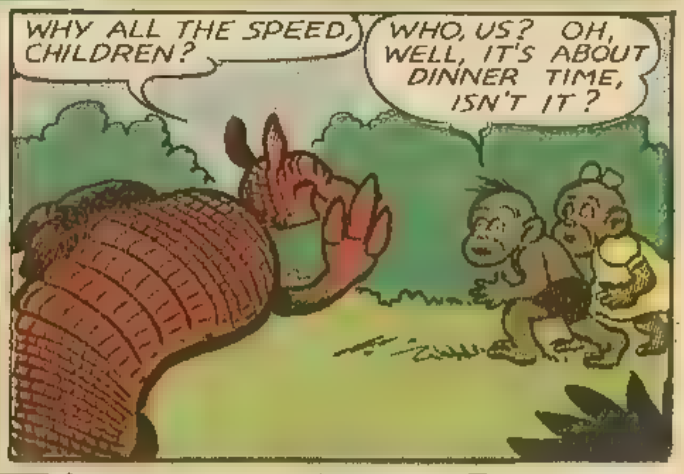

OH, S-SAY, MR OWL - JUST WHEN WILL THE ISLAND SINK - DO YOU THINK?
OH, SOON AFTER WE FEEL AN EARTHQUAKE.

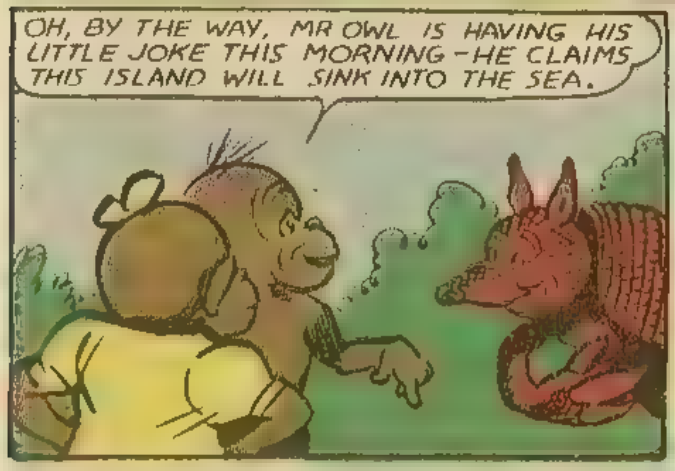

Yaaaay!

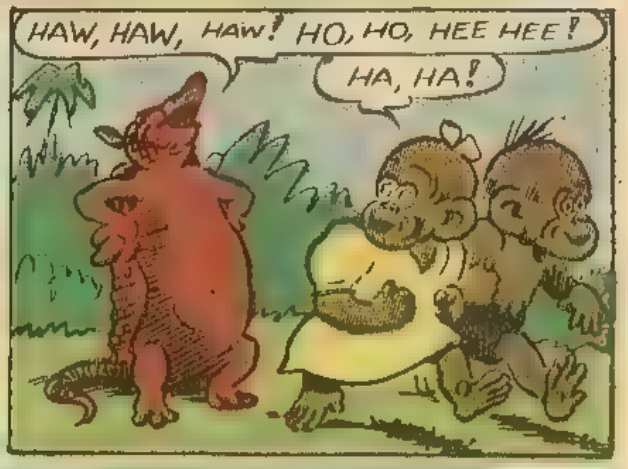
WHAT YA SITTIN' THERE FOR IF THE ISLAND IS GONNA SINK?
TO WARN THOSE WHO HAVE NO WINGS.
- NO WITS, YOU MEAN.

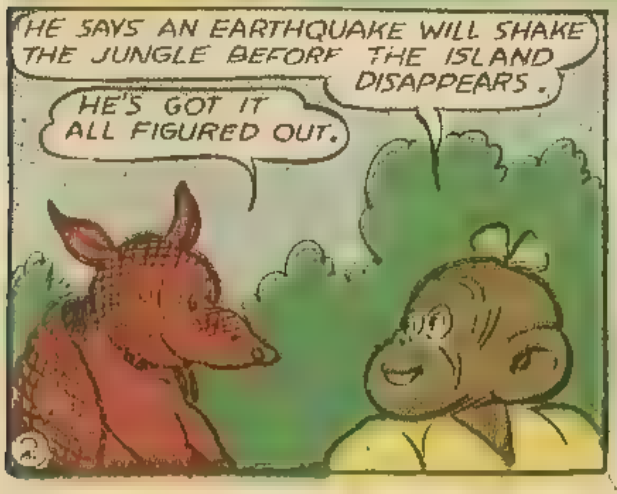

WELL, WE ARE NOT LISTENING TO NONSENSE - C'MON FLIP, LET'S GO!

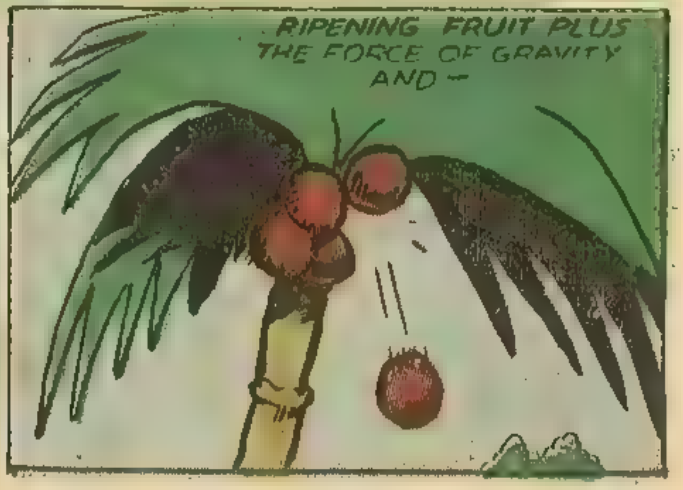

POP'LL LAUGH HIMSELF SICK WHEN HE HEARS THE OWL'S FAIRY TALE.
YEAH!

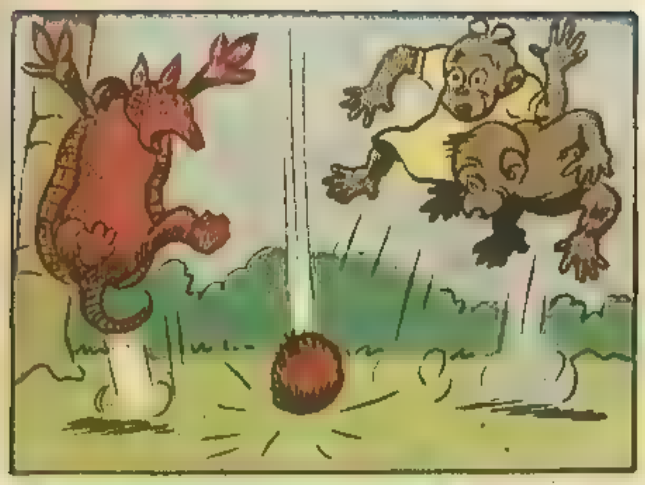

WHY ALL THE SPEED, CHILDREN?
WHO, US? OH, WELL, IT'S ABOUT DINNER TIME, ISN'T IT?

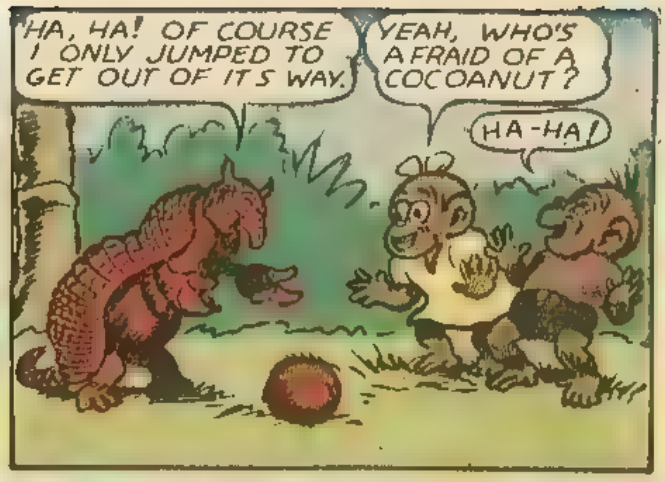

OH, BY THE WAY, MR OWL IS HAVING HIS LITTLE JOKE THIS MORNING - HE CLAIMS THIS ISLAND WILL SINK INTO THE SEA.


HAW, HAW, HAW! HO, HO, HEE HEE!
HA, HA!

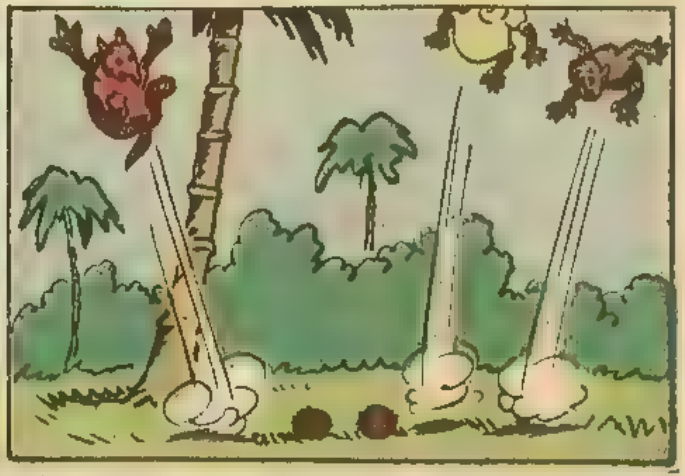

HE SAYS AN EARTHQUAKE WILL SHAKE THE JUNGLE BEFORE THE ISLAND DISAPPEARS.
HE'S GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT.

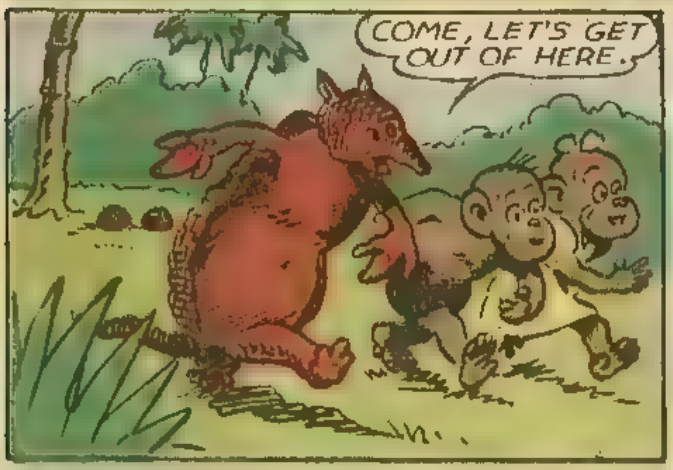

RIPENING FRUIT PLUS THE FORCE OF GRAVITY AND -

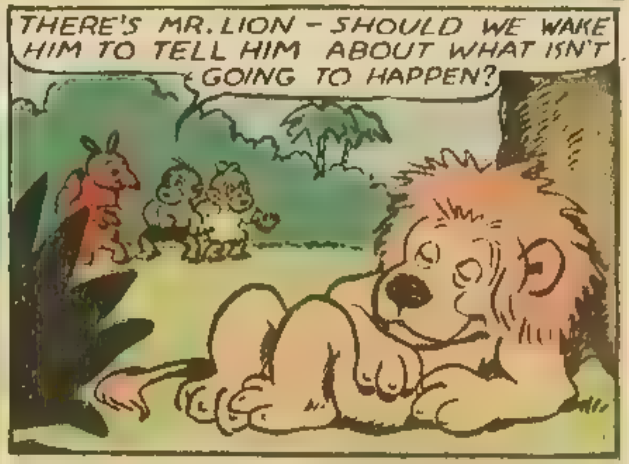


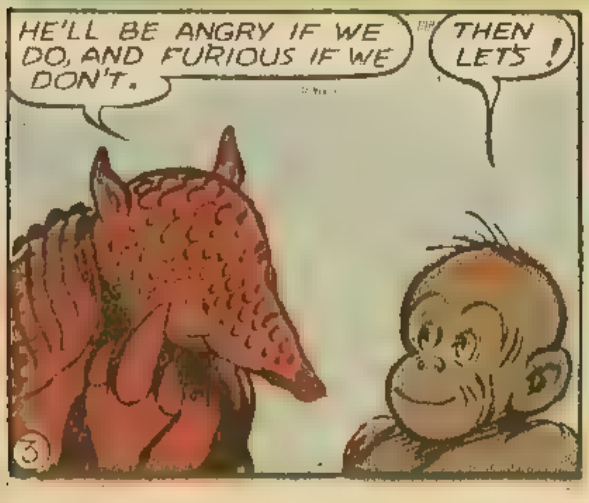

HA, HA! OF COURSE I ONLY JUMPED TO GET OUT OF ITS WAY.
YEAH, WHO'S AFRAID OF A COCOANUT?
HA-HA!

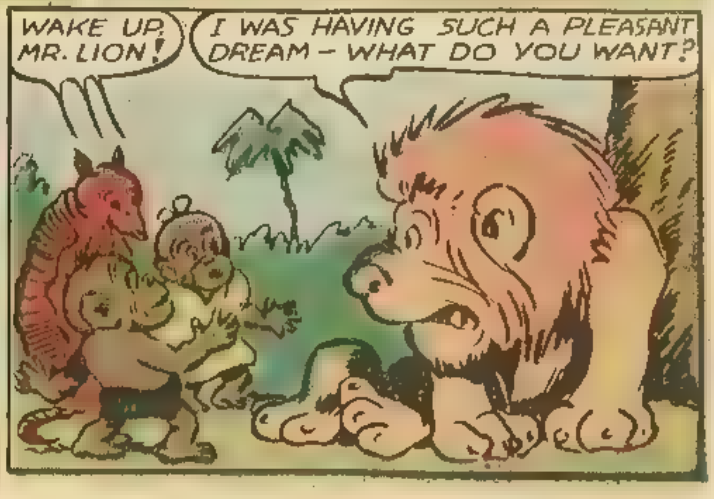
BANG!

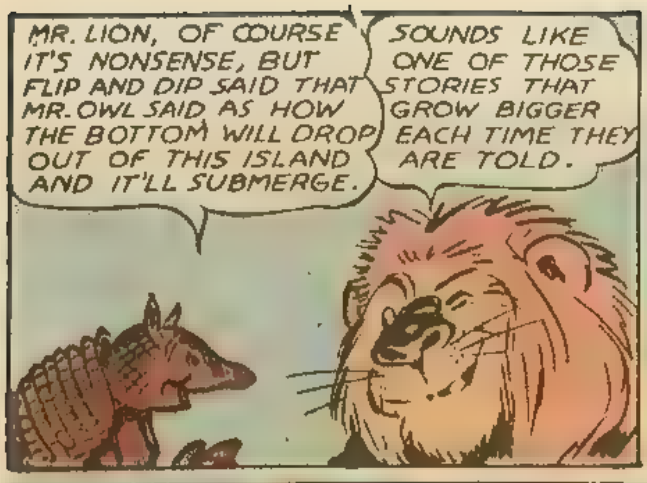


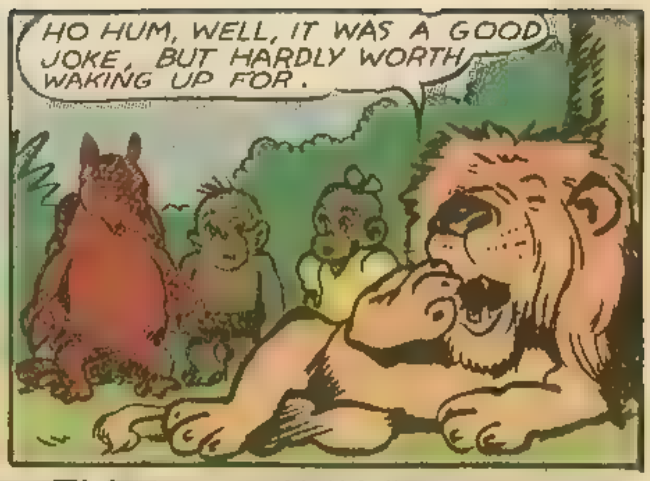

COME, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

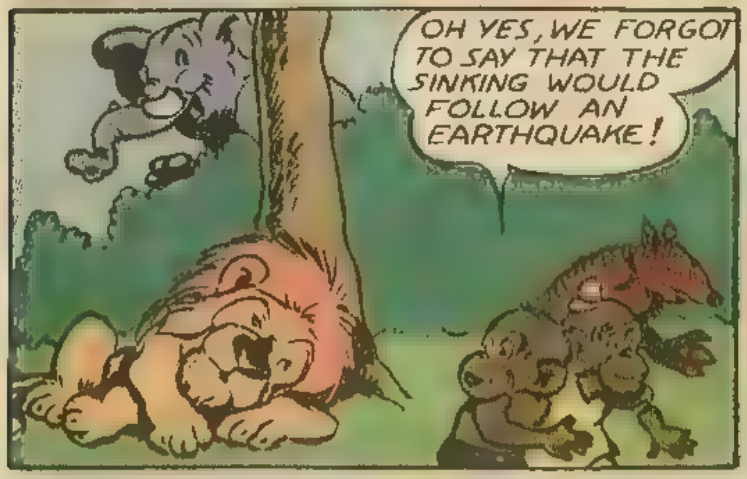

THERE'S MR. LION – SHOULD WE WAKE HIM TO TELL HIM ABOUT WHAT ISN'T GOING TO HAPPEN?

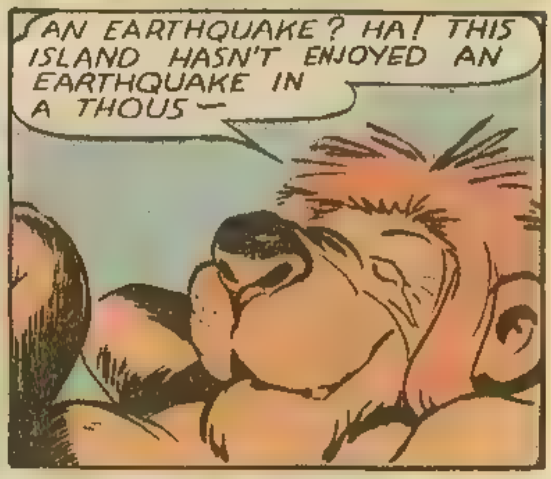

HE'LL BE ANGRY IF WE DO, AND FURIOUS IF WE DON'T.
THEN LET'S!

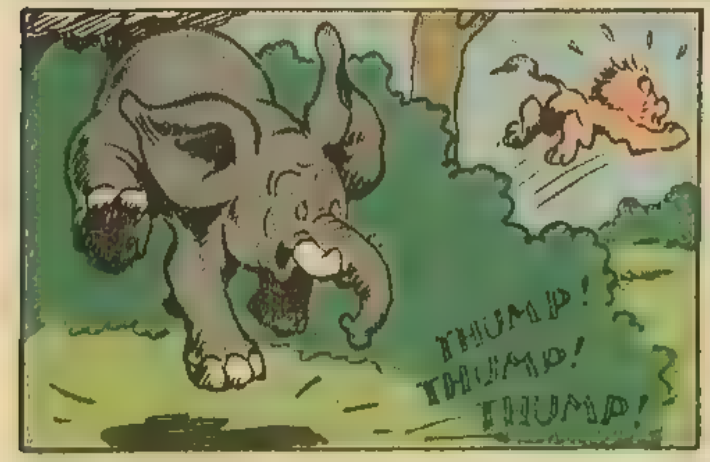

WAKE UP, MR. LION!
I WAS HAVING SUCH A PLEASANT DREAM – WHAT DO YOU WANT?

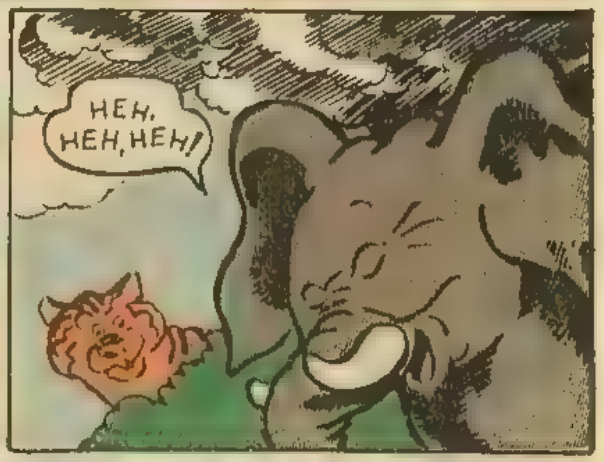

MR. LION, OF COURSE IT'S NONSENSE, BUT FLIP AND DIP SAID THAT MR. OWL SAID AS HOW THE BOTTOM WILL DROP OUT OF THIS ISLAND AND IT'LL SUBMERGE.
SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THOSE STORIES THAT GROW BIGGER EACH TIME THEY ARE TOLD.

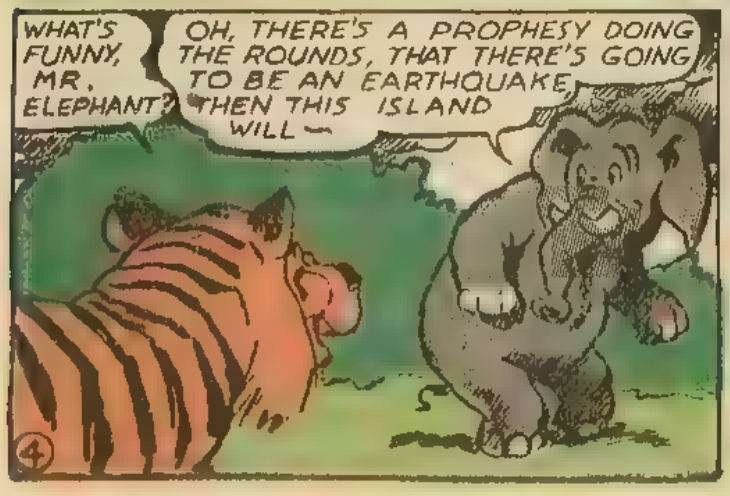

HO HUM, WELL, IT WAS A GOOD JOKE, BUT HARDLY WORTH WAKING UP FOR.

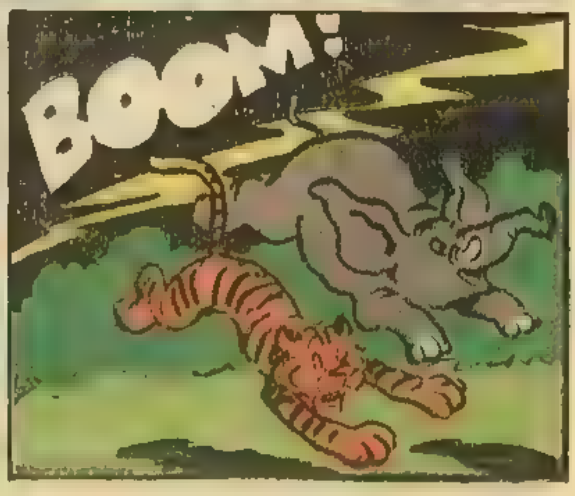

OH YES, WE FORGOT TO SAY THAT THE SINKING WOULD FOLLOW AN EARTHQUAKE!

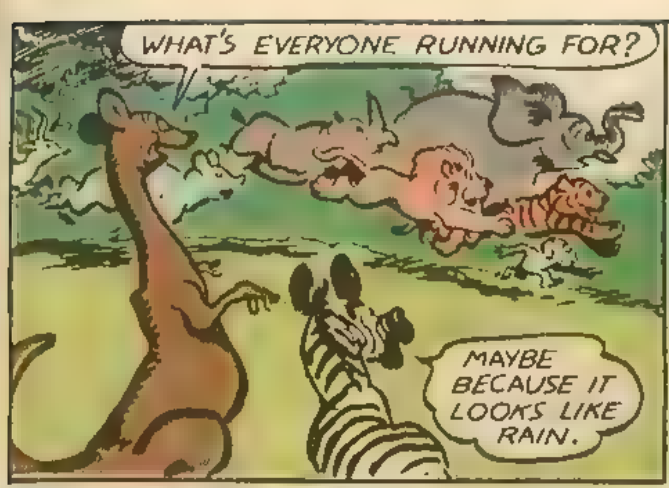

AN EARTHQUAKE? HA! THIS ISLAND HASN'T ENJOYED AN EARTHQUAKE IN A THOUS—

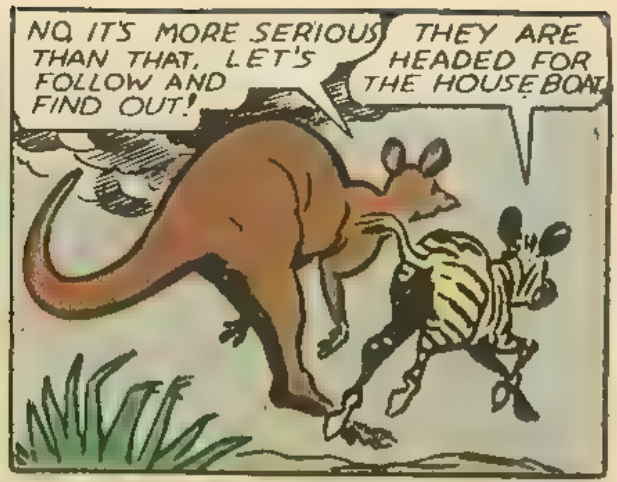

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

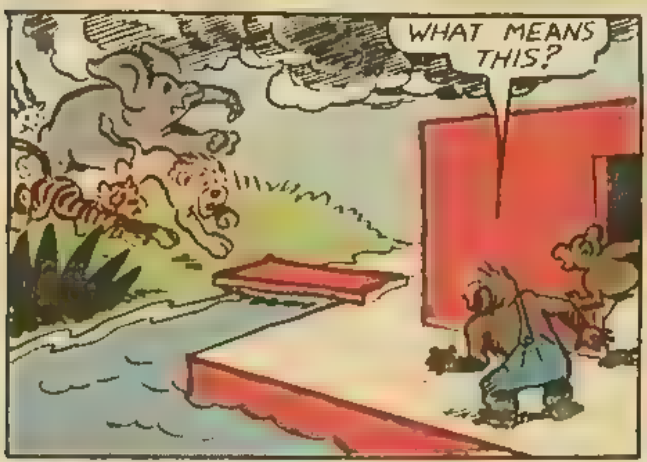

HEH, HEH, HEH!

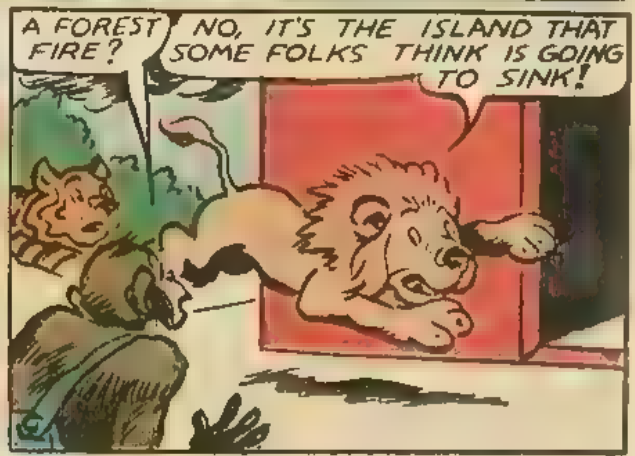

WHAT'S FUNNY, MR. ELEPHANT?
OH, THERE'S A PROPHESY DOING THE ROUNDS, THAT THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EARTHQUAKE THEN THIS ISLAND WILL—

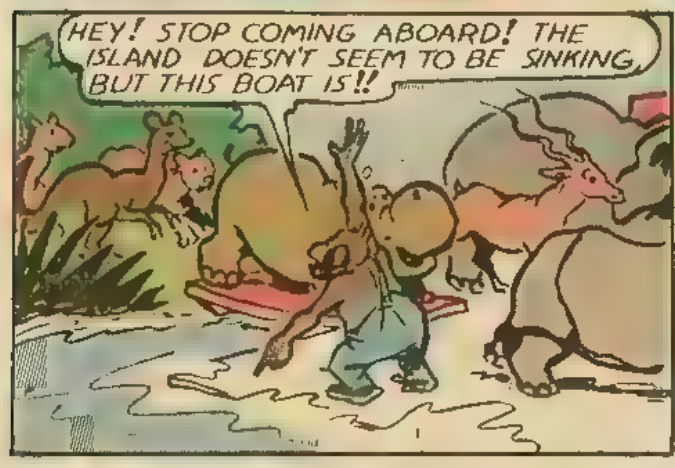

BOOM!

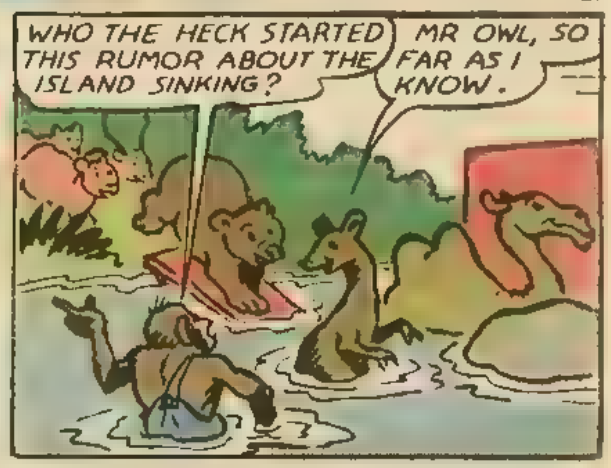

WHAT'S EVERYONE RUNNING FOR?
MAYBE BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

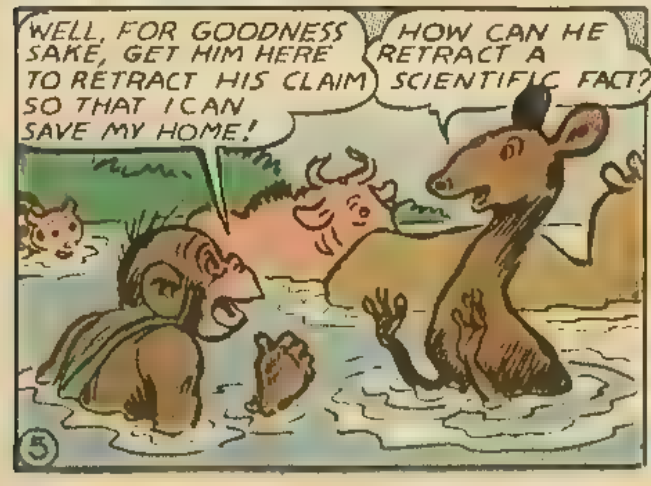

NO, IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN THAT. LET'S FOLLOW AND FIND OUT!
THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE HOUSEBOAT.

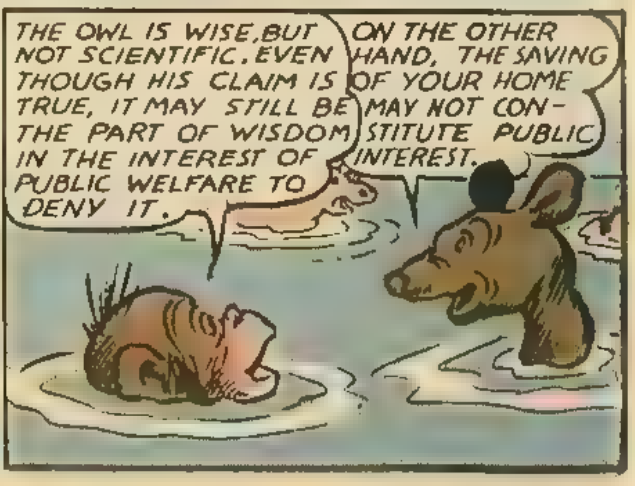

WHAT MEANS THIS?

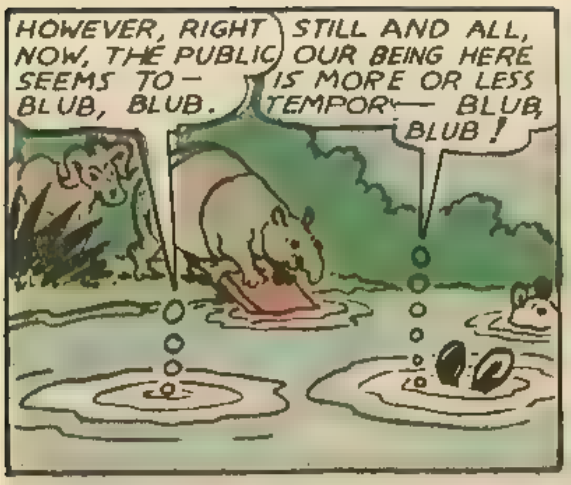

A FOREST FIRE?
NO, IT'S THE ISLAND THAT SOME FOLKS THINK IS GOING TO SINK!

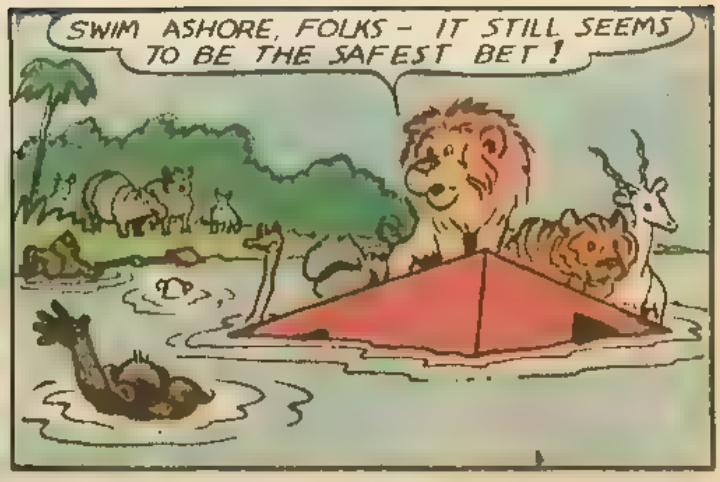

HEY! STOP COMING ABOARD! THE ISLAND DOESN'T SEEM TO BE SINKING, BUT THIS BOAT IS!!


WHO THE HECK STARTED THIS RUMOR ABOUT THE ISLAND SINKING?
MR OWL, SO FAR AS I KNOW.

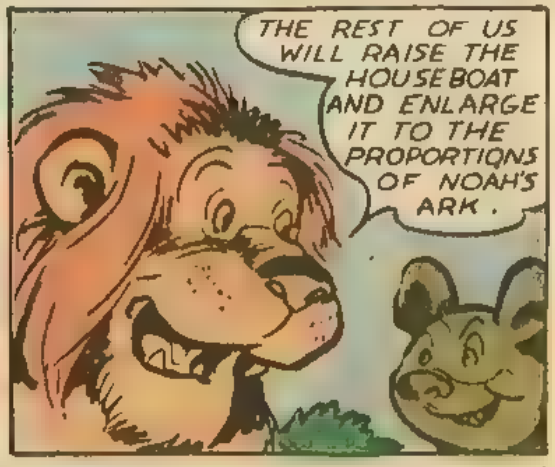

WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, GET HIM HERE TO RETRACT HIS CLAIM SO THAT I CAN SAVE MY HOME!
HOW CAN HE RETRACT A SCIENTIFIC FACT?

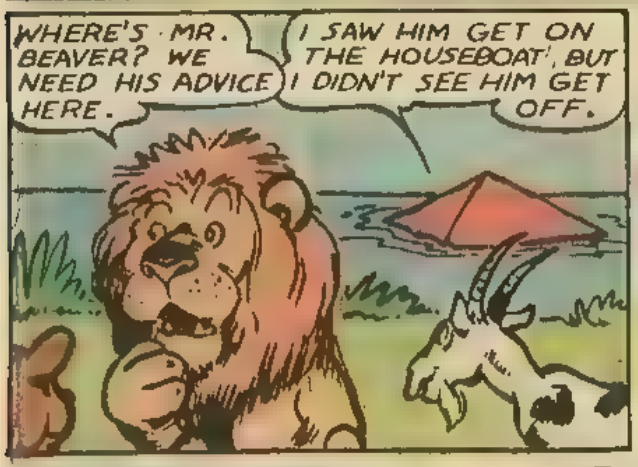

THE OWL IS WISE, BUT NOT SCIENTIFIC. EVEN THOUGH HIS CLAIM IS TRUE, IT MAY STILL BE THE PART OF WISDOM IN THE INTEREST OF PUBLIC WELFARE TO DENY IT.
ON THE OTHER HAND, THE SAVING OF YOUR HOME MAY NOT CONSTITUTE PUBLIC INTEREST.

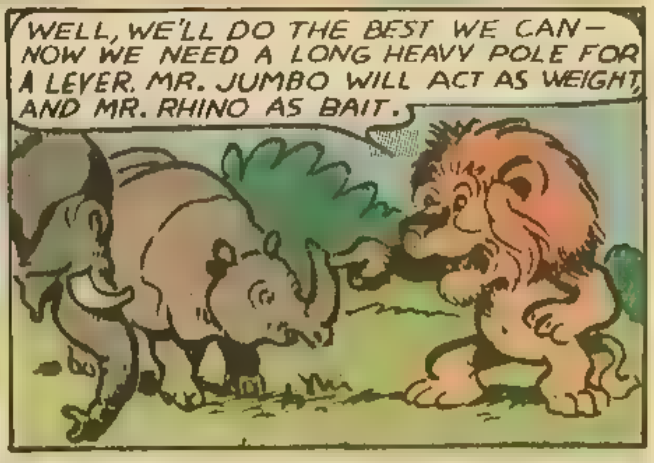

HOWEVER, RIGHT NOW, THE PUBLIC SEEMS TO— BLUB, BLUB.
STILL AND ALL, OUR BEING HERE IS MORE OR LESS TEMPOR— BLUB, BLUB!

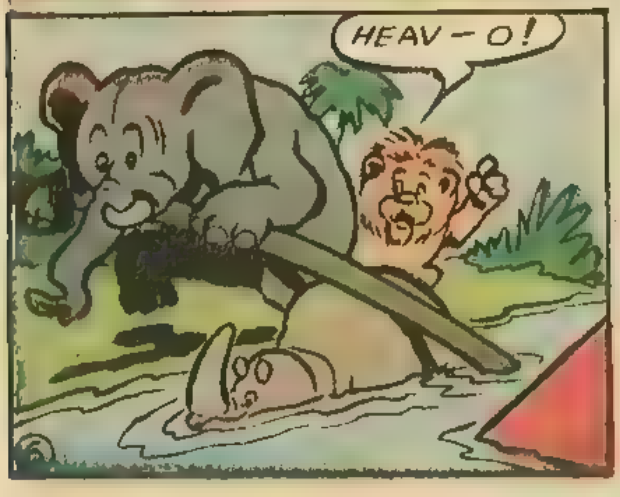

SWIM ASHORE, FOLKS – IT STILL SEEMS TO BE THE SAFEST BET!

WELL, WE ALL SEEM TO BELIEVE OUR ISLAND WILL GO UNDER – QUESTION IS, WHEN? FLIP AND DIP, SUPPOSE YOU GO BACK TO THE OWL AND FIND OUT!

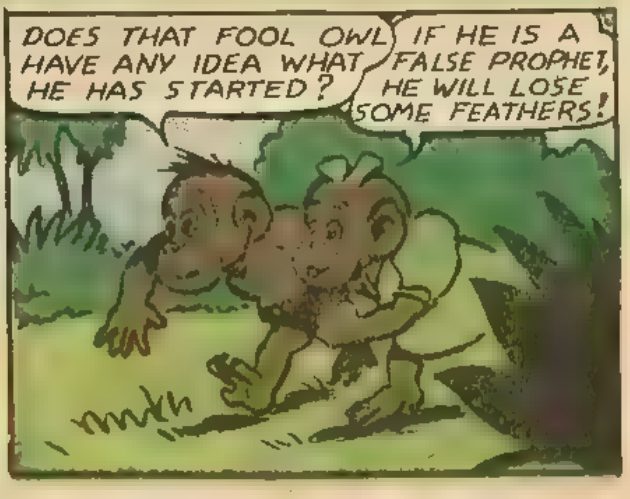

THE REST OF US WILL RAISE THE HOUSEBOAT AND ENLARGE IT TO THE PROPORTIONS OF NOAH'S ARK.

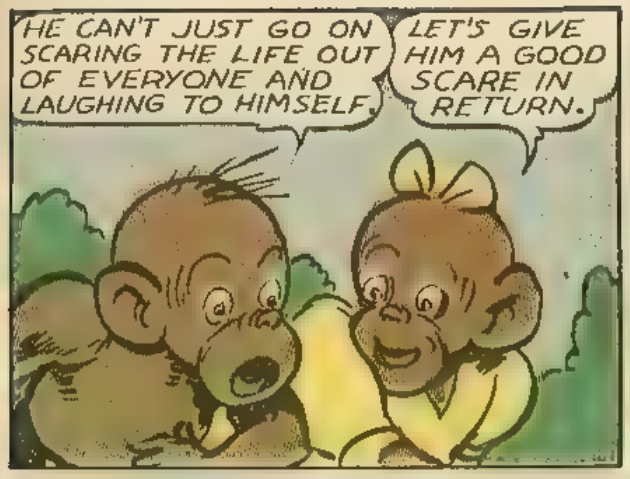

WHERE'S MR. BEAVER? WE NEED HIS ADVICE HERE.
I SAW HIM GET ON THE HOUSEBOAT, BUT I DIDN'T SEE HIM GET OFF.


WELL, WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN— NOW WE NEED A LONG HEAVY POLE FOR A LEVER. MR. JUMBO WILL ACT AS WEIGHT, AND MR. RHINO AS BAIT.

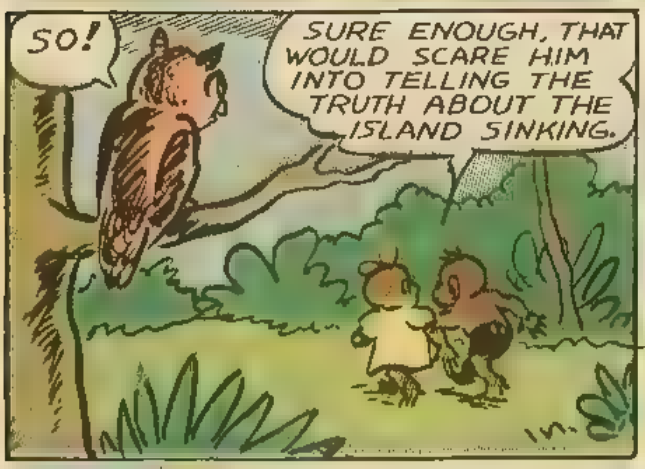

HEAV – O!

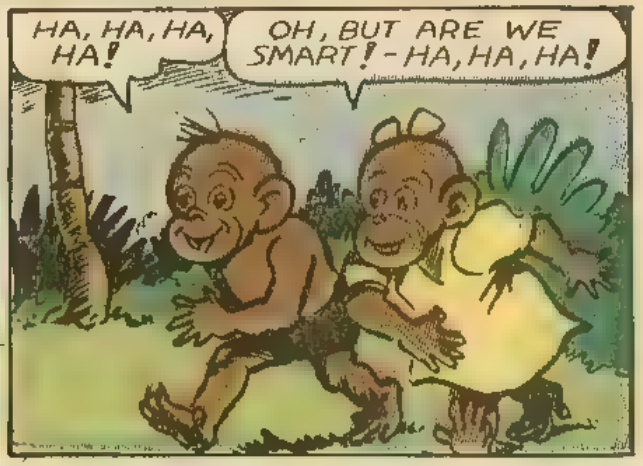
MEANWHILE

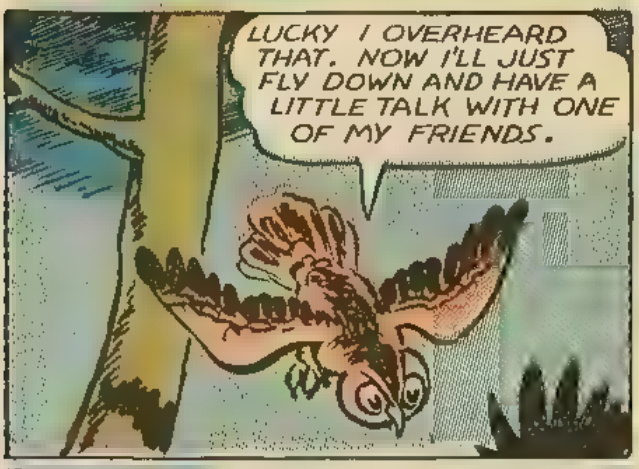

DOES THAT FOOL OWL HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT HE HAS STARTED?
IF HE IS A FALSE PROPHET, HE WILL LOSE SOME FEATHERS!

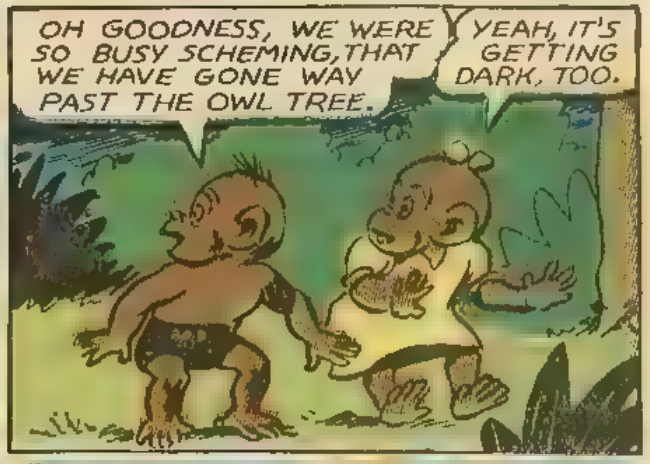

HE CAN'T JUST GO ON SCARING THE LIFE OUT OF EVERYONE AND LAUGHING TO HIMSELF.
LET'S GIVE HIM A GOOD SCARE IN RETURN.

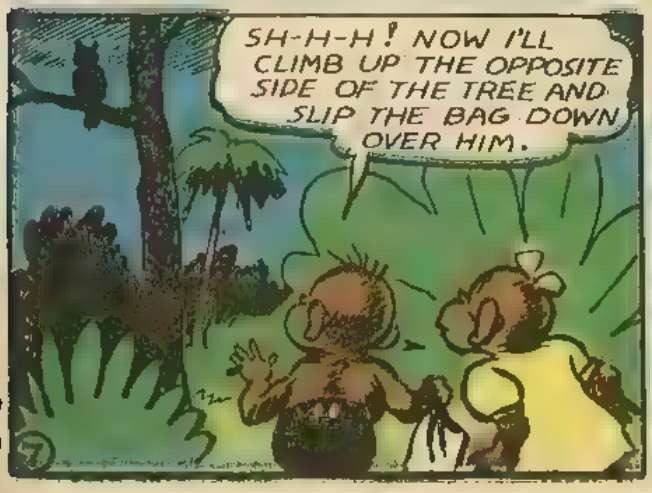
LET'S SLIP UP ON HIM AND CLAP A BAG DOWN OVER HIM AND THEN TELL HIM WE WILL LET THE CANNIBAL ANTS EAT HIM.

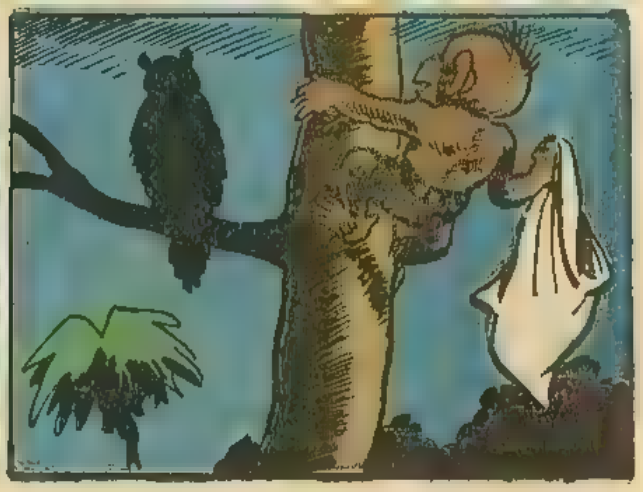

SO!
SURE ENOUGH, THAT WOULD SCARE HIM INTO TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ISLAND SINKING.

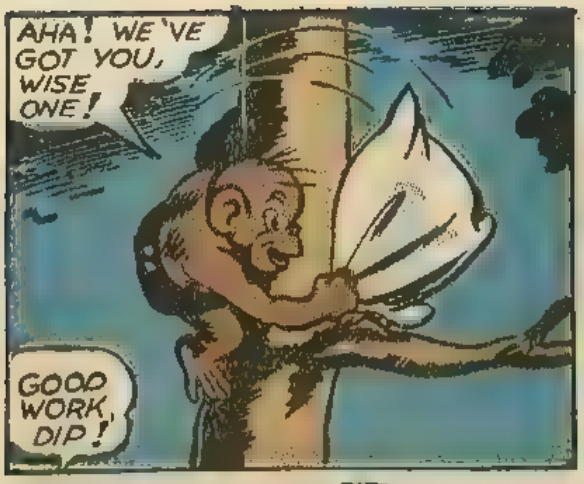

HA, HA, HA, HA!
OH, BUT ARE WE SMART! - HA, HA, HA!

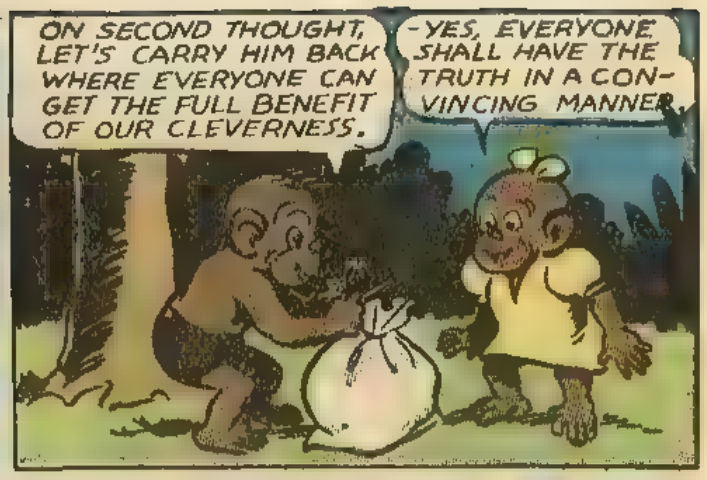

LUCKY I OVERHEARD THAT. NOW I'LL JUST FLY DOWN AND HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH ONE OF MY FRIENDS.

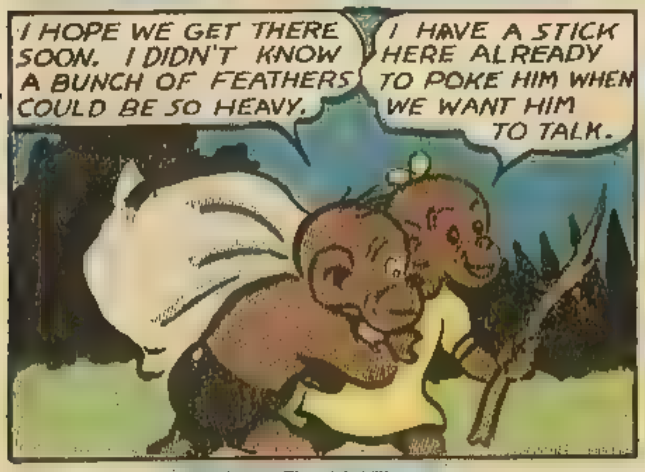

OH GOODNESS, WE WERE SO BUSY SCHEMING, THAT WE HAVE GONE WAY PAST THE OWL TREE.
YEAH, IT'S GETTING DARK, TOO.

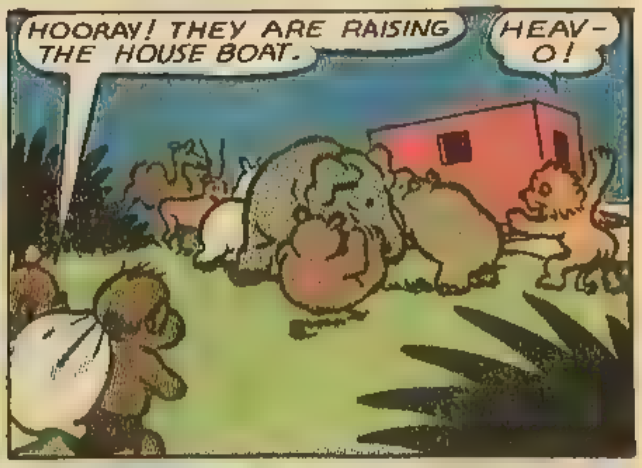

SH-H-H! NOW I'LL CLIMB UP THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE TREE AND SLIP THE BAG DOWN OVER HIM.

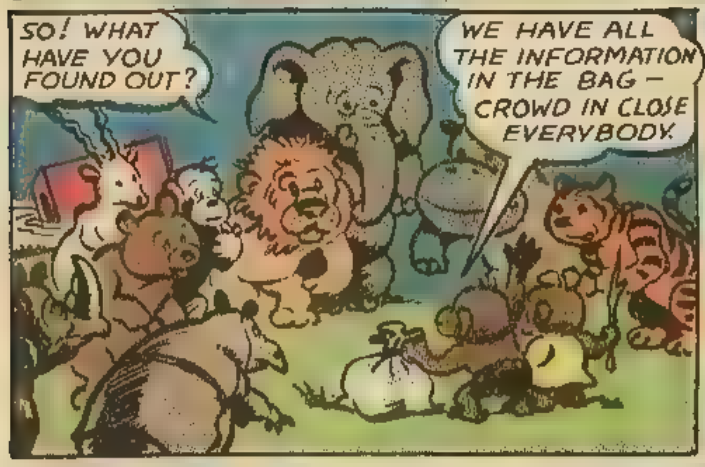


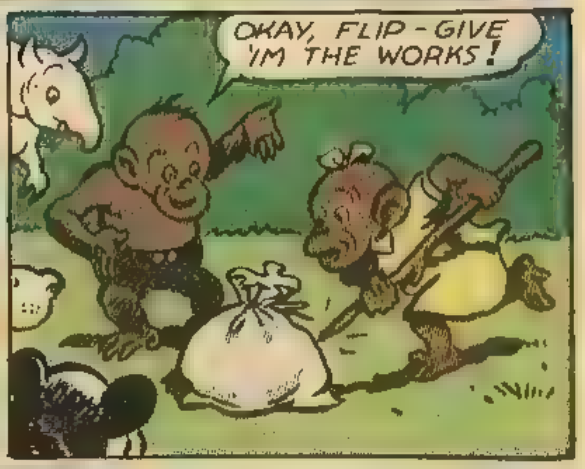


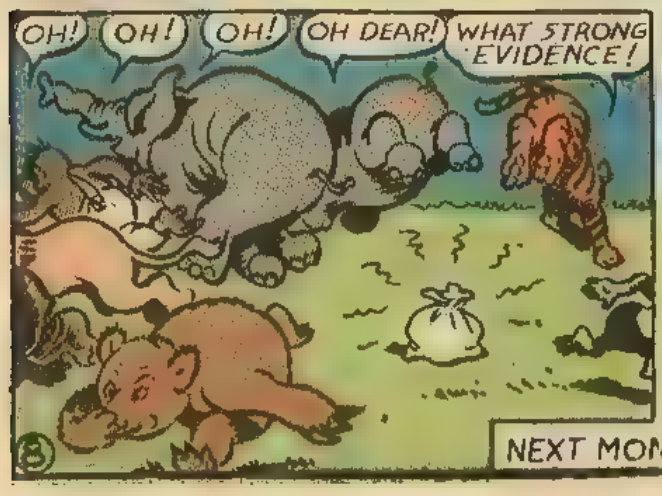


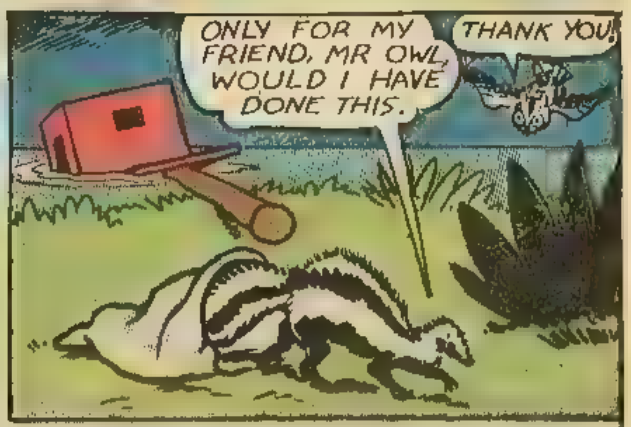




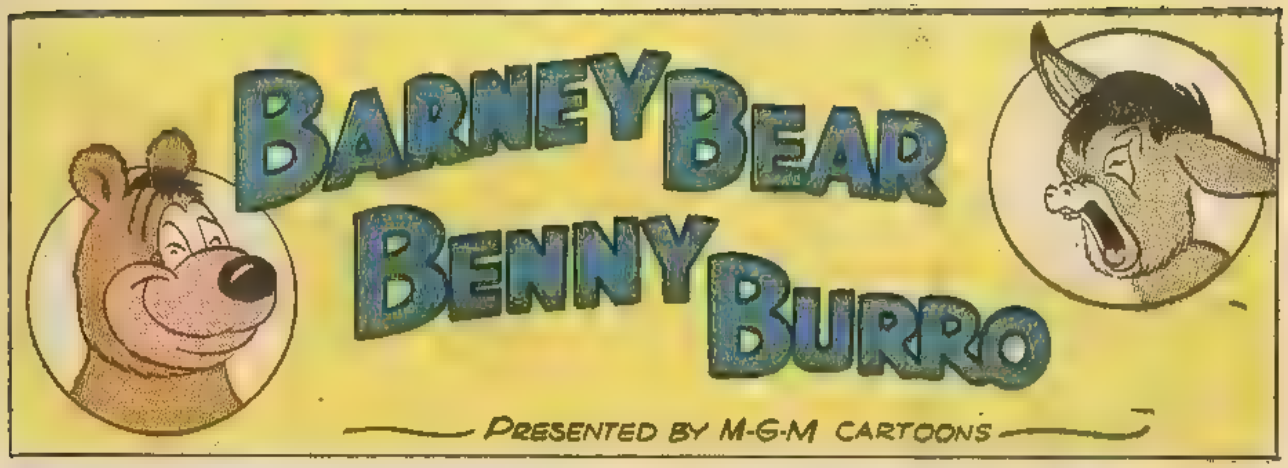


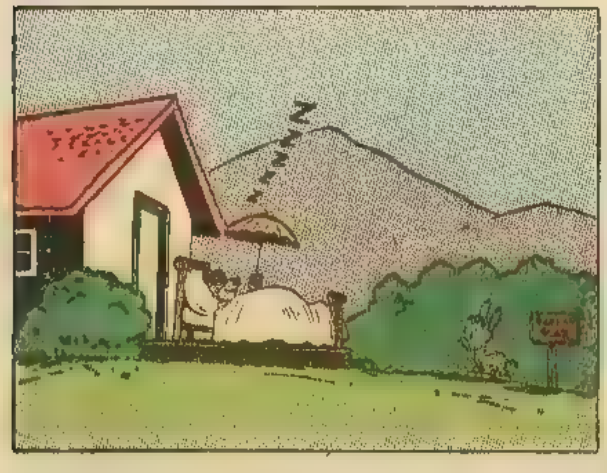


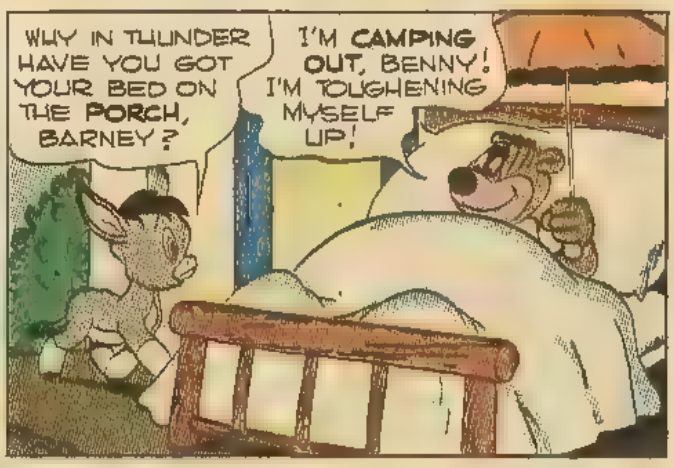


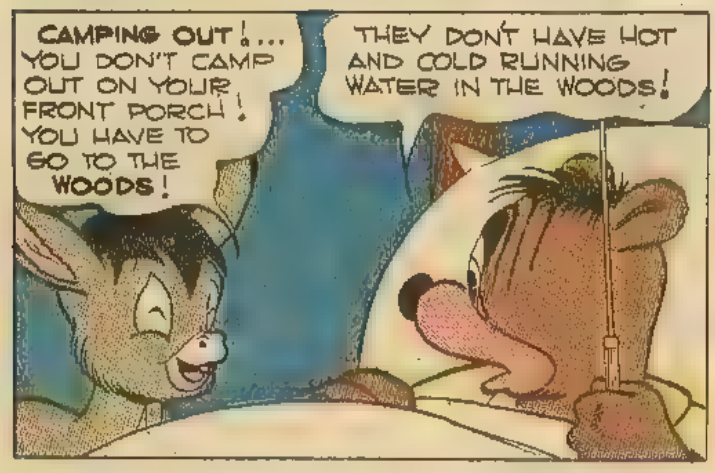


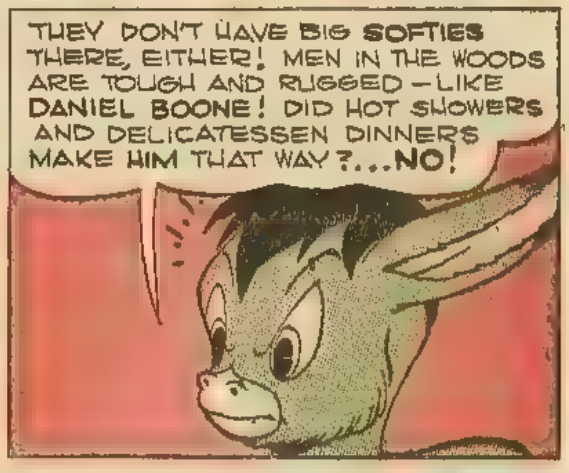
NEXT MONTH - BUILDING THE ARK OF FLIP AND DIP.

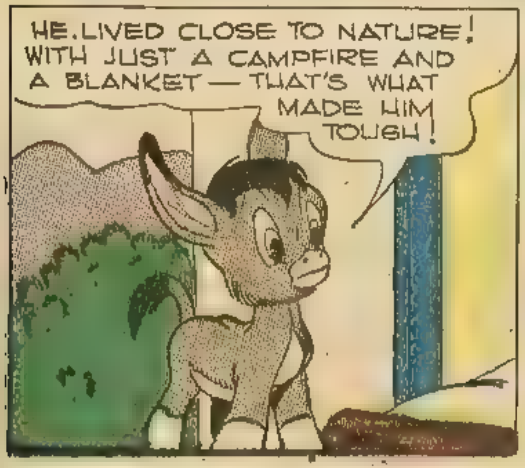

BARNEY BEAR
BENNY BURRO
PRESENTED BY M-G-M CARTOONS

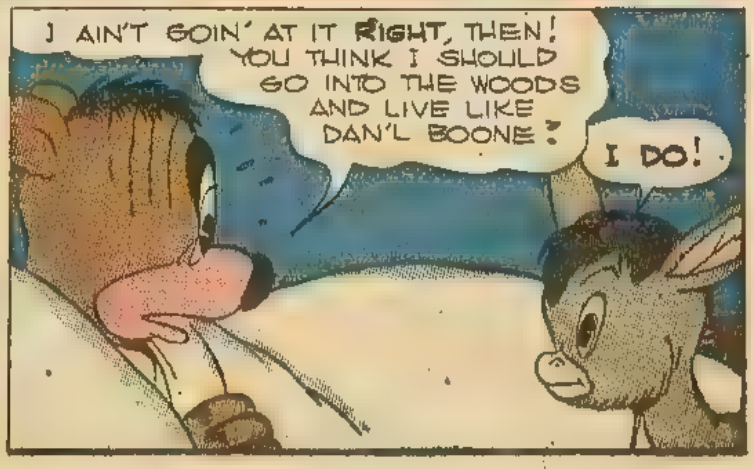


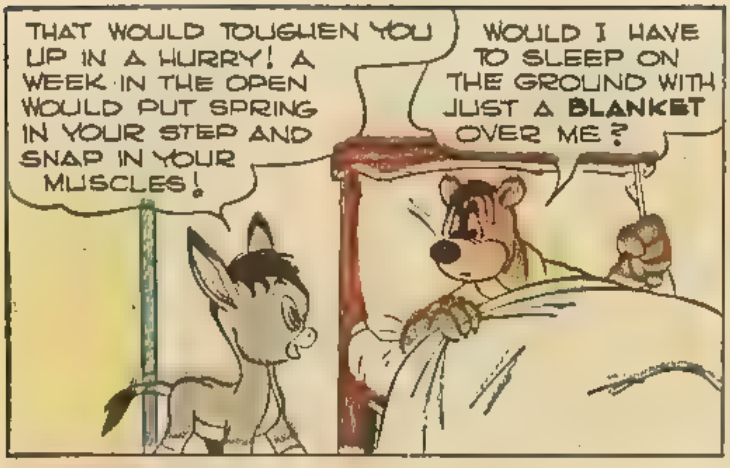

WHY IN THUNDER HAVE YOU GOT YOUR BED ON THE PORCH, BARNEY?
I'M CAMPING OUT, BENNY! I'M TOUGHENING MYSELF UP!

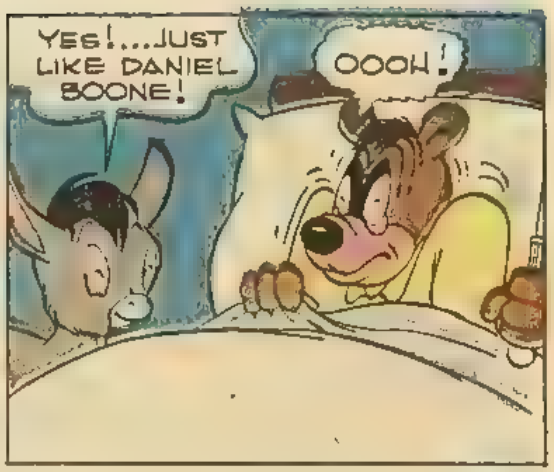

CAMPING OUT!... YOU DON'T CAMP OUT ON YOUR FRONT PORCH! YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE WOODS!
THEY DON'T HAVE HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER IN THE WOODS!

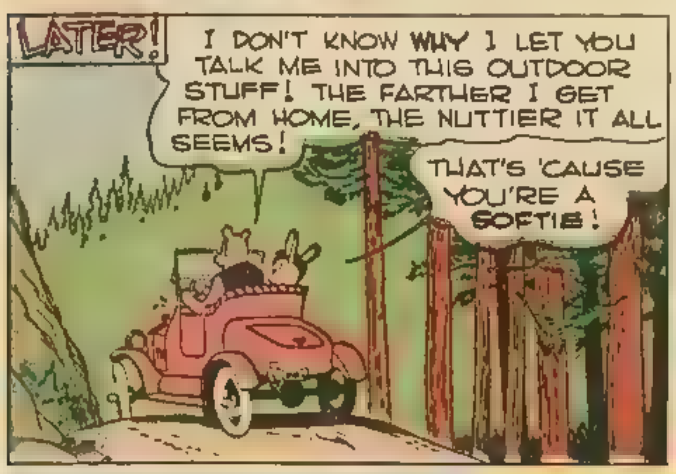

THEY DON'T HAVE BIG SOFTIES THERE, EITHER! MEN IN THE WOODS ARE TOUGH AND RUGGED—LIKE DANIEL BOONE! DID HOT SHOWERS AND DELICATESSEN DINNERS MAKE HIM THAT WAY?...NO!

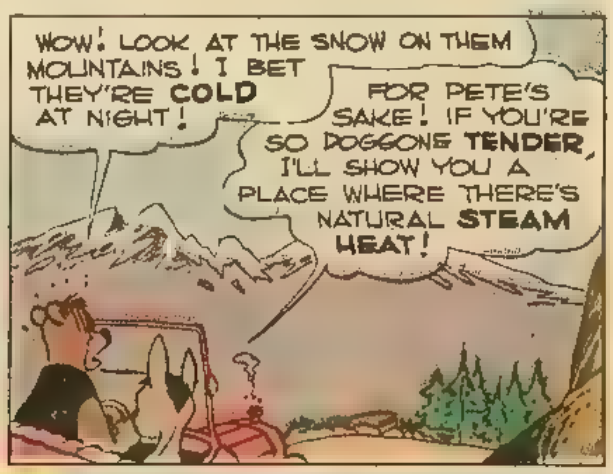

HE LIVED CLOSE TO NATURE! WITH JUST A CAMPFIRE AND A BLANKET—THAT'S WHAT MADE HIM TOUGH!

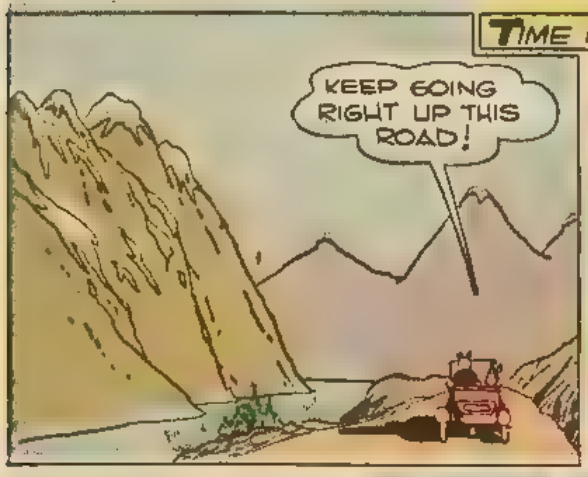

I AIN'T GOIN' AT IT RIGHT, THEN! YOU THINK I SHOULD GO INTO THE WOODS AND LIVE LIKE DAN'L BOONE?
I DO!

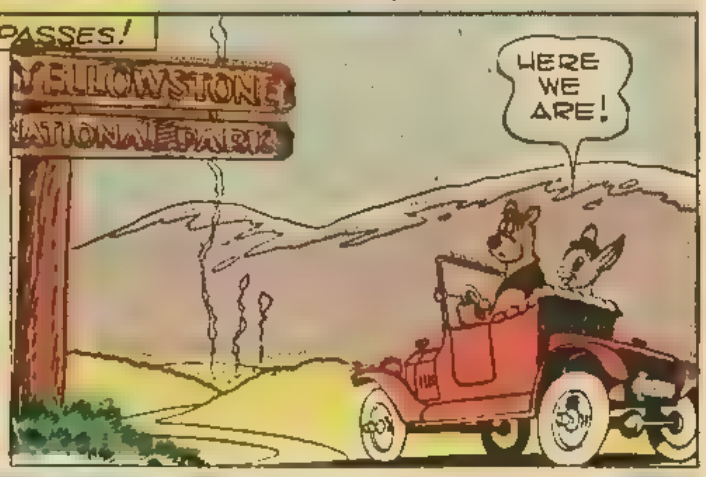

THAT WOULD TOUGHEN YOU UP IN A HURRY! A WEEK IN THE OPEN WOULD PUT SPRING IN YOUR STEP AND SNAP IN YOUR MUSCLES!
WOULD I HAVE TO SLEEP ON THE GROUND WITH JUST A BLANKET OVER ME?

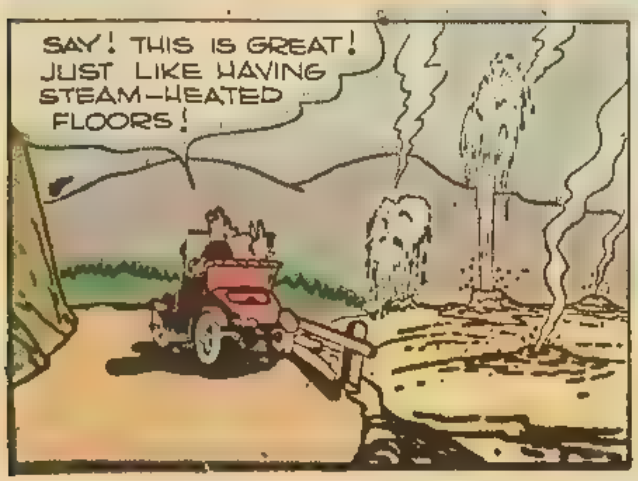

YES!...JUST LIKE DANIEL BOONE!
OOOH!

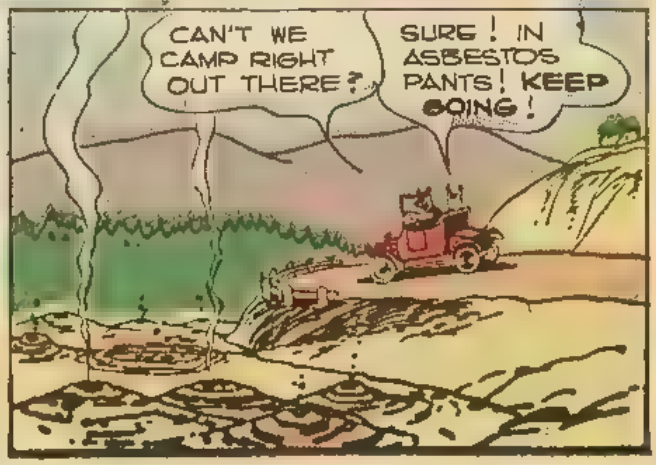

LATER!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS OUTDOOR STUFF! THE FARTHER I GET FROM HOME, THE NUTTIER IT ALL SEEMS!
THAT'S 'CAUSE YOU'RE A SOFTIE!

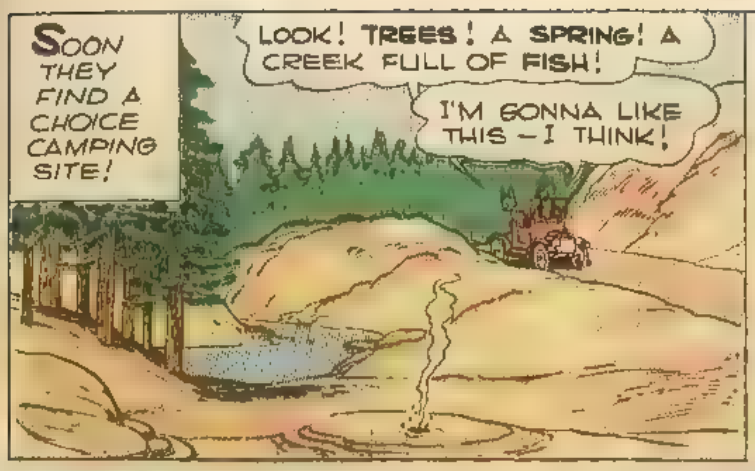

WOW! LOOK AT THE SNOW ON THEM MOUNTAINS! I BET THEY'RE COLD AT NIGHT!
FOR PETE'S SAKE! IF YOU'RE SO DOGGONE TENDER, I'LL SHOW YOU A PLACE WHERE THERE'S NATURAL STEAM HEAT!

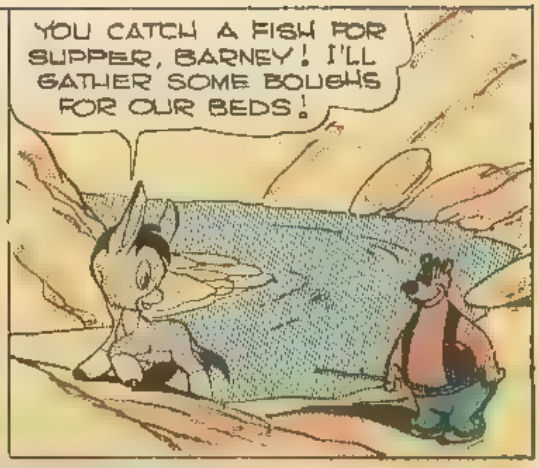

TIME PASSES!
KEEP GOING RIGHT UP THIS ROAD!

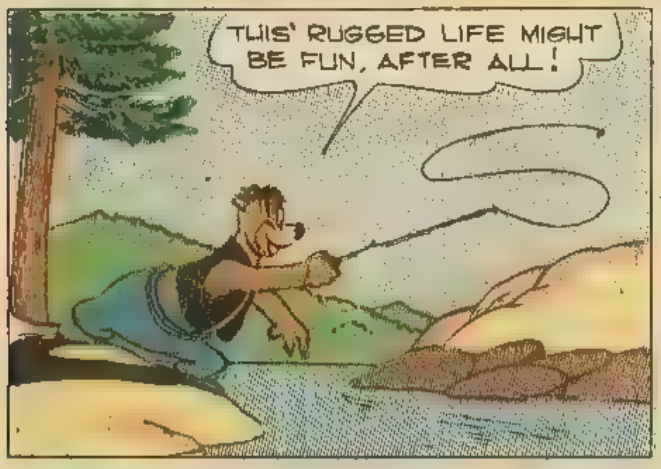

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
HERE WE ARE!

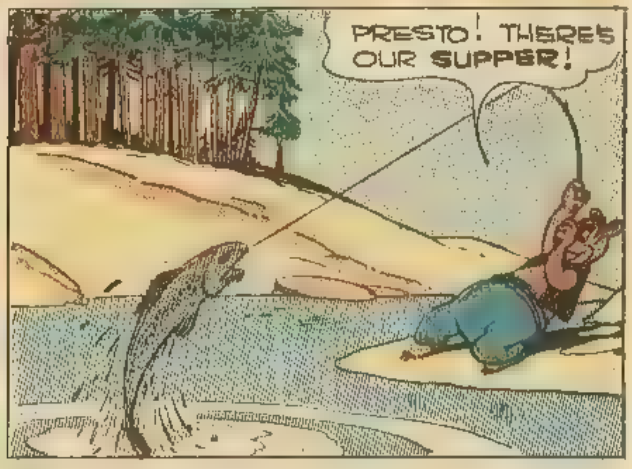

SAY! THIS IS GREAT! JUST LIKE HAVING STEAM-HEATED FLOORS!

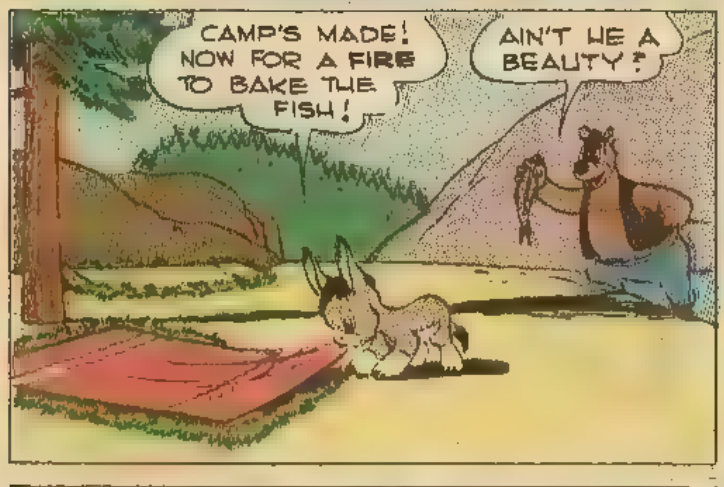

CAN'T WE CAMP RIGHT OUT THERE?
SURE! IN ASBESTOS PANTS! KEEP GOING!

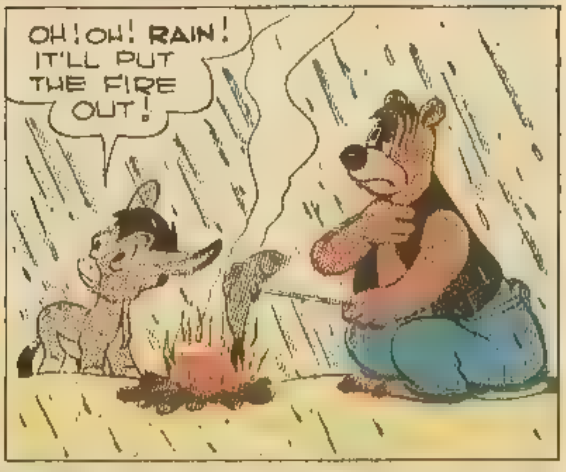

SOON THEY FIND A CHOICE CAMPING SITE!
LOOK! TREES! A SPRING! A CREEK FULL OF FISH!
I'M GONNA LIKE THIS – I THINK!

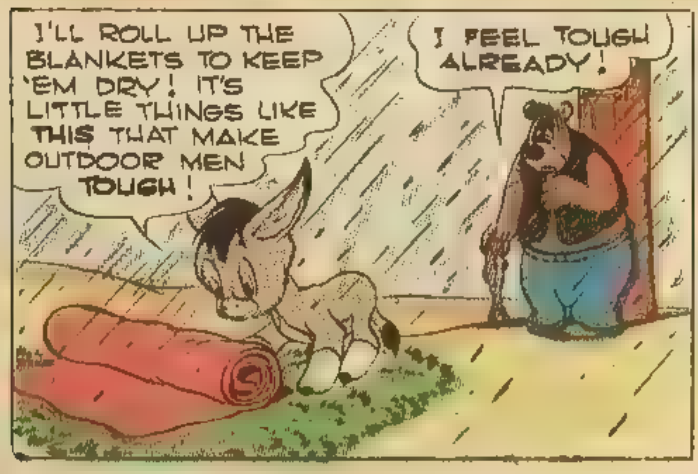

YOU CATCH A FISH FOR SUPPER, BARNEY! I'LL GATHER SOME BOUGHS FOR OUR BEDS!

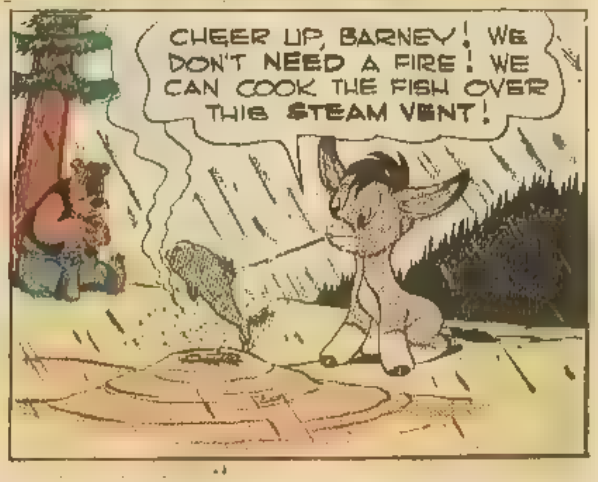

THIS RUGGED LIFE MIGHT BE FUN, AFTER ALL!

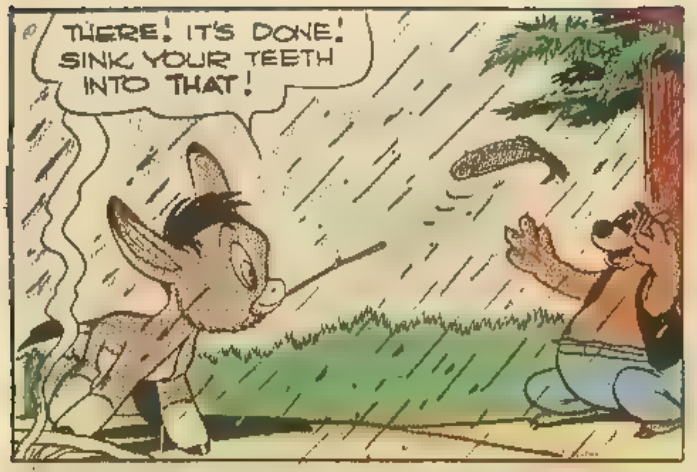

PRESTO! THERE'S OUR SUPPER!

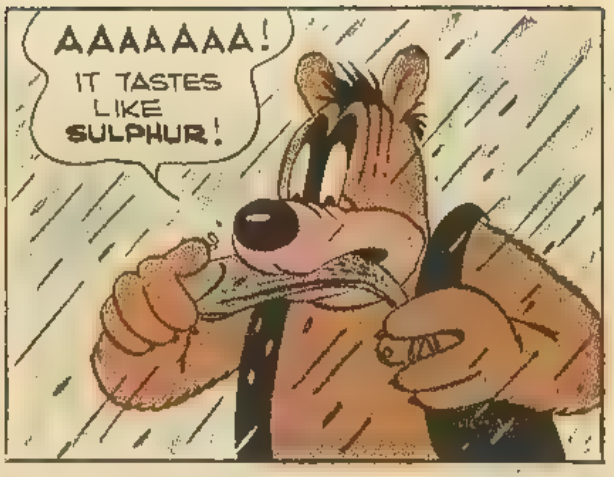

CAMP'S MADE! NOW FOR A FIRE TO BAKE THE FISH!
AIN'T WE A BEAUTY?

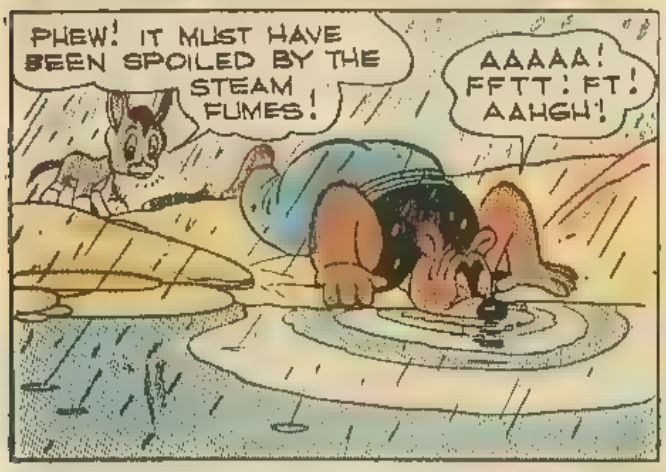

OH! OH! RAIN! IT'LL PUT THE FIRE OUT!

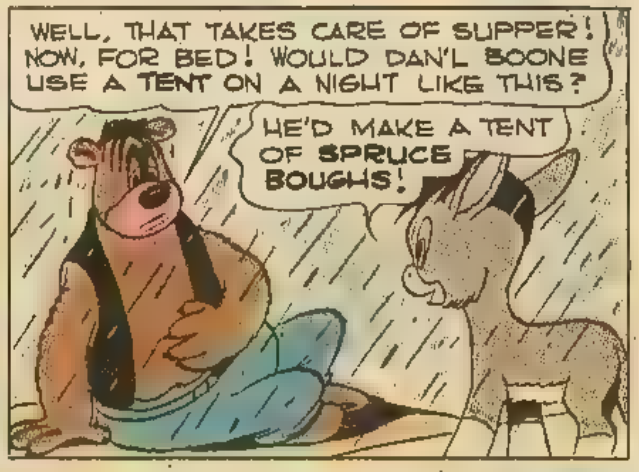

I'LL ROLL UP THE BLANKETS TO KEEP 'EM DRY! IT'S LITTLE THINGS LIKE THIS THAT MAKE OUTDOOR MEN TOUGH!
I FEEL TOUGH ALREADY!

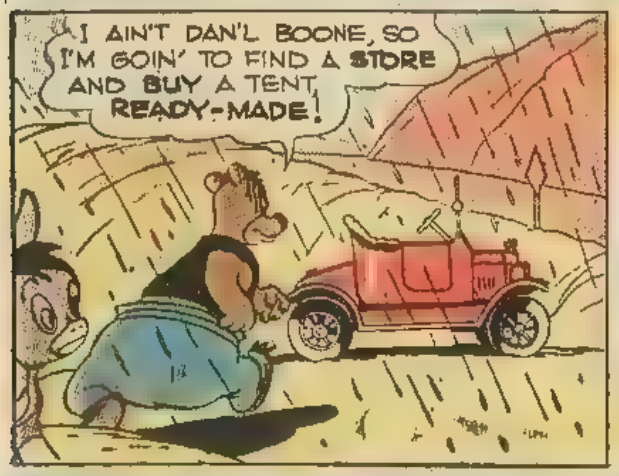

CHEER UP, BARNEY! WE DON'T NEED A FIRE! WE CAN COOK THE FISH OVER THIS STEAM VENT!

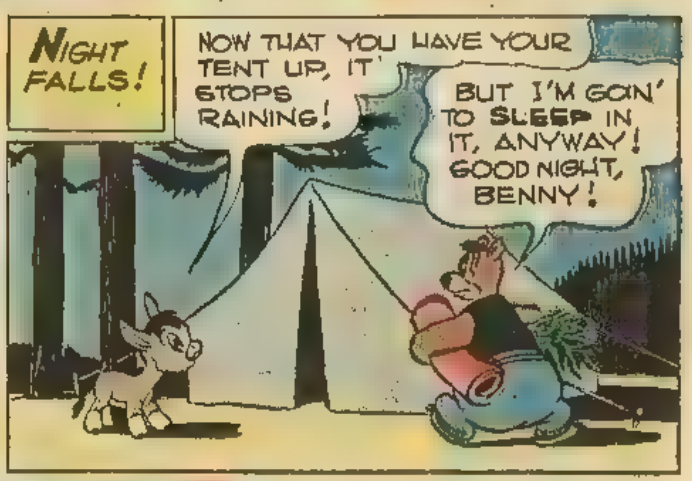

THERE! IT'S DONE! SINK YOUR TEETH INTO THAT!


AAAAAAA! IT TASTES LIKE SULPHUR!

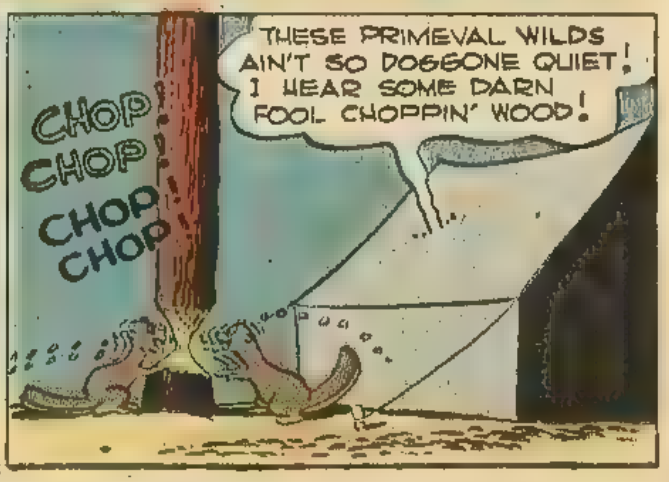

PHEW! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SPOILED BY THE STEAM FUMES!
AAAAA! FFTT! FT! AAHGH!

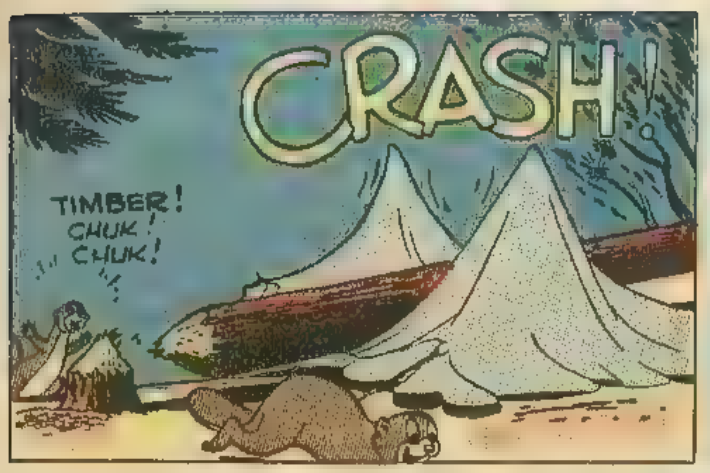

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF SUPPER! NOW, FOR BED! WOULD DAN'L BOONE USE A TENT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?
HE'D MAKE A TENT OF SPRUCE BOUGHS!

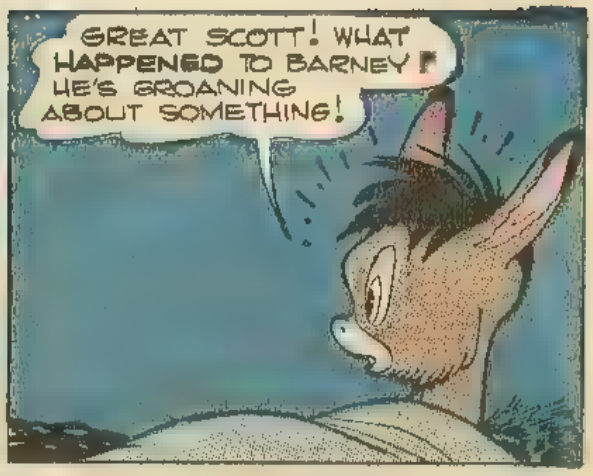

I AIN'T DAN'L BOONE, SO I'M GOIN' TO FIND A STORE AND BUY A TENT, READY-MADE!

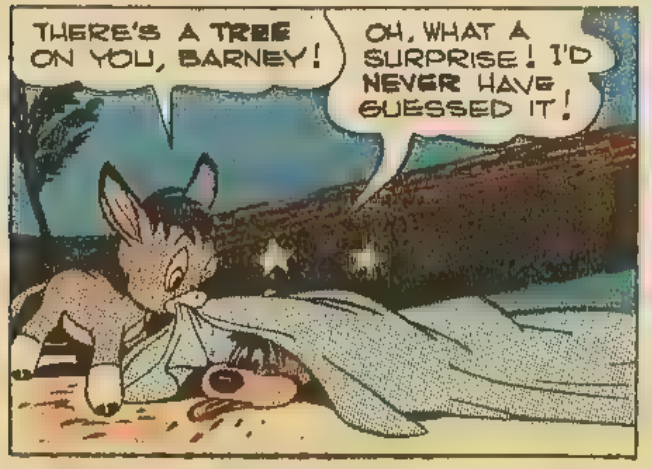

NIGHT FALLS!
NOW THAT YOU HAVE YOUR TENT UP, IT STOPS RAINING!
BUT I'M GOIN' TO SLEEP IN IT, ANYWAY! GOOD NIGHT, BENNY!

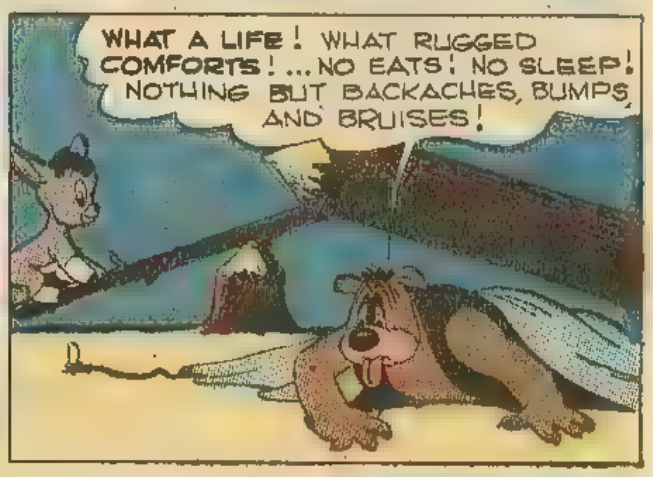
ZZZ
ZIOING
CHATTER! CHATTER! JABBER! CHUK! CHUK!

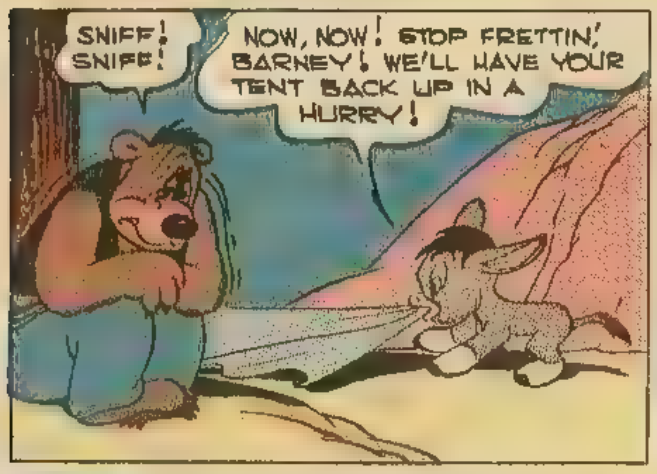

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!
THESE PRIMEVAL WILDS AIN'T SO DOGGONE QUIET! I HEAR SOME DARN FOOL CHOPPIN' WOOD!

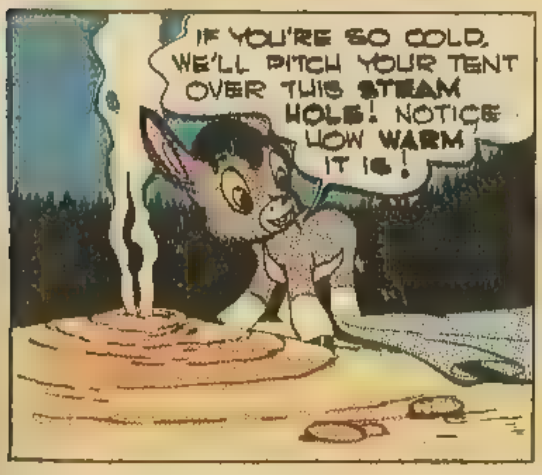




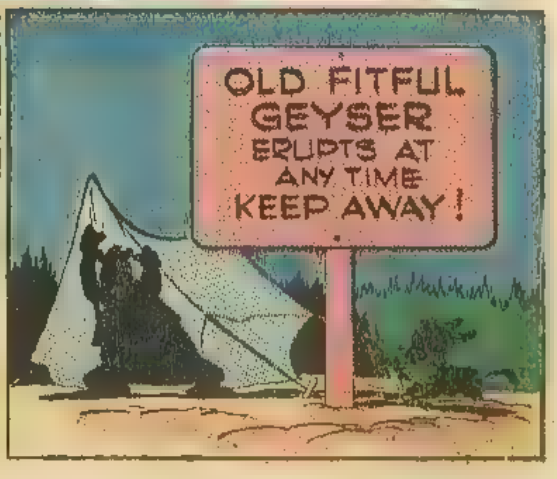


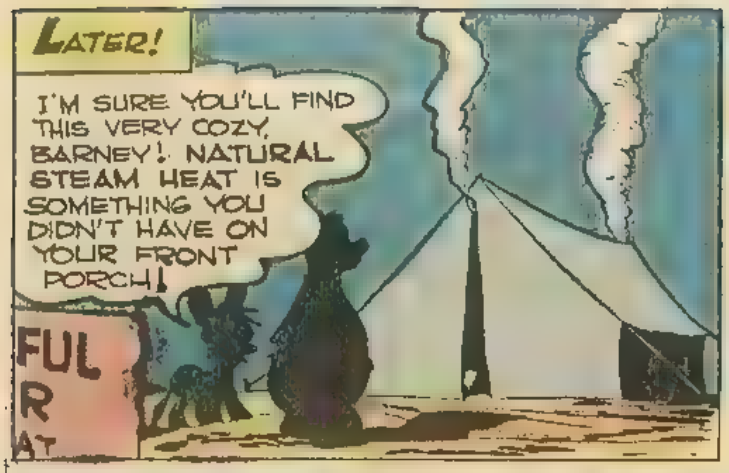


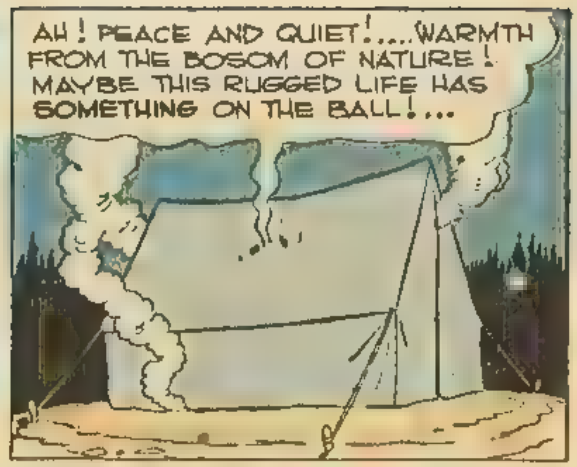


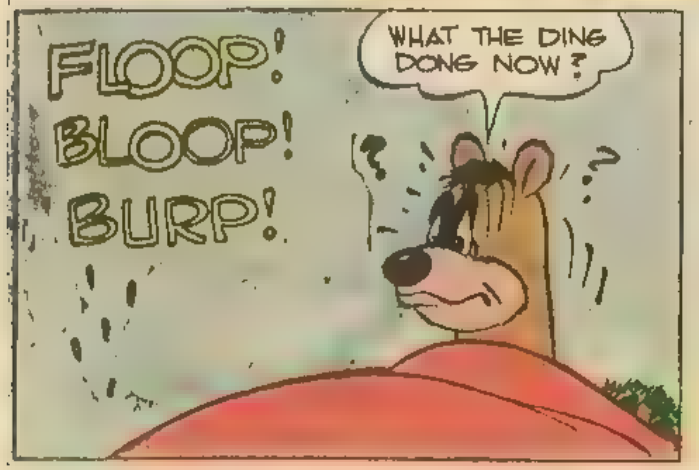


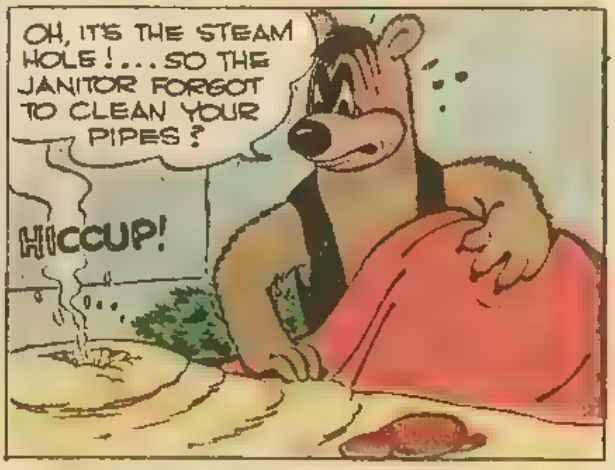
THE FIRST RULE OF THE WILD IS TO READ THE SIGNS! BARNEY AND BENNY ARE TOO BUSY TO READ!

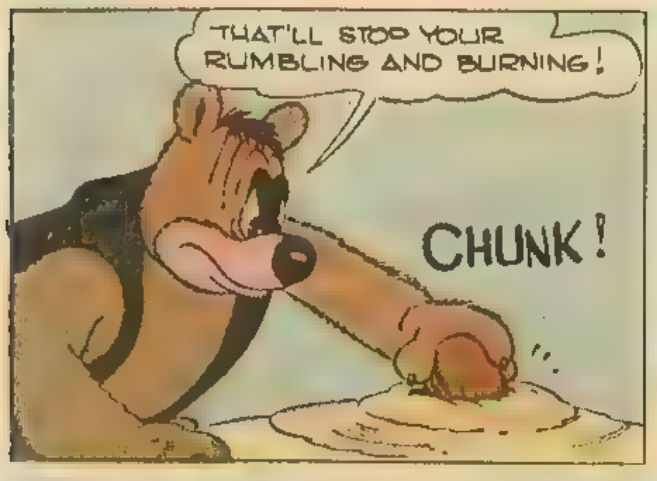


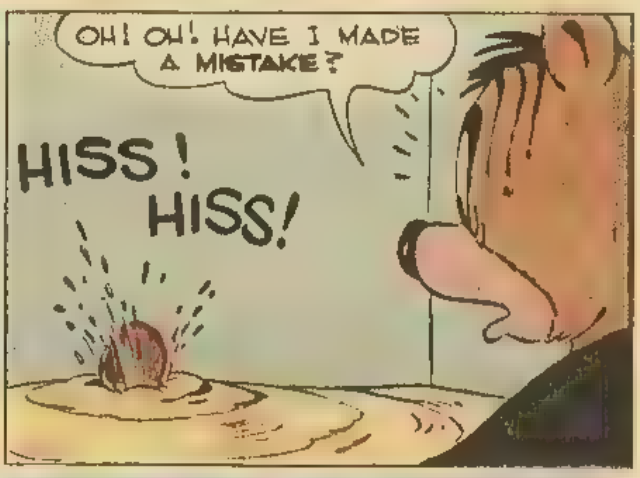

LATER!
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THIS VERY COZY, BARNEY! NATURAL STEAM HEAT IS SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T HAVE ON YOUR FRONT PORCH!

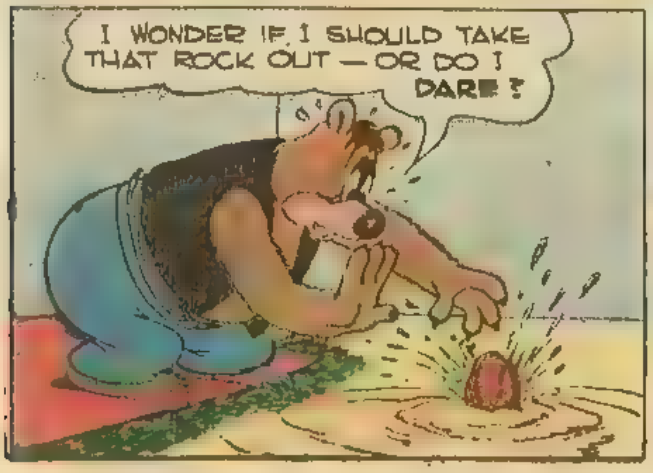

AH! PEACE AND QUIET!....WARMTH FROM THE BOSOM OF NATURE! MAYBE THIS RUGGED LIFE HAS SOMETHING ON THE BALL!...

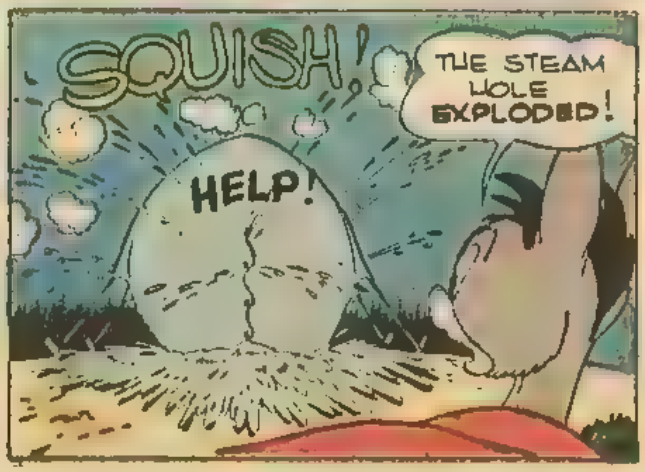

FLOOP!
BLOOP!
BURP!
WHAT THE DING DONG NOW?

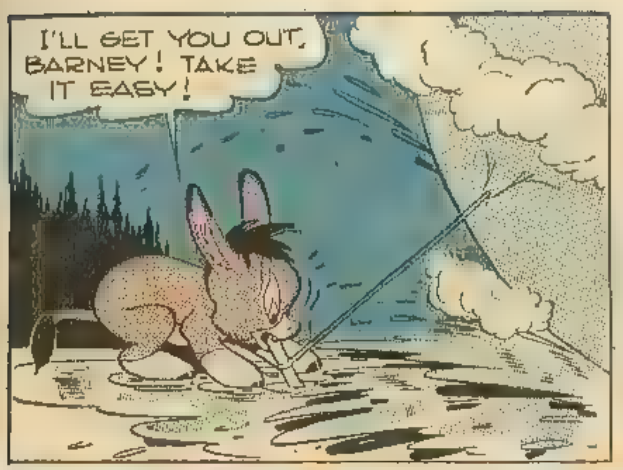

OH, IT'S THE STEAM HOLE!...SO THE JANITOR FORGOT TO CLEAN YOUR PIPES?
HICCUP!

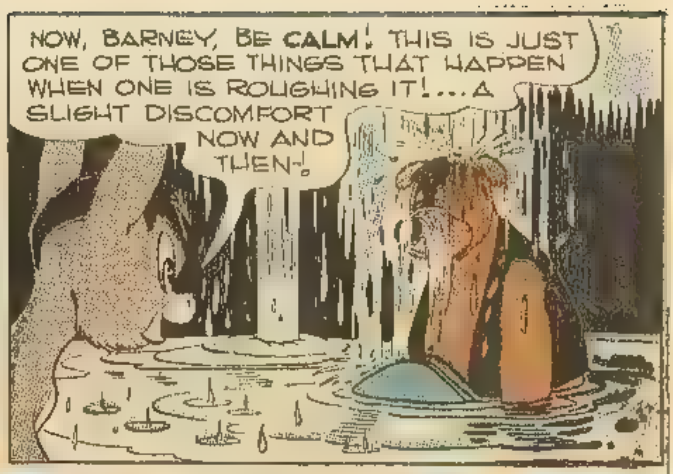

THAT'LL STOP YOUR RUMBLING AND BURNING!
CHUNK!

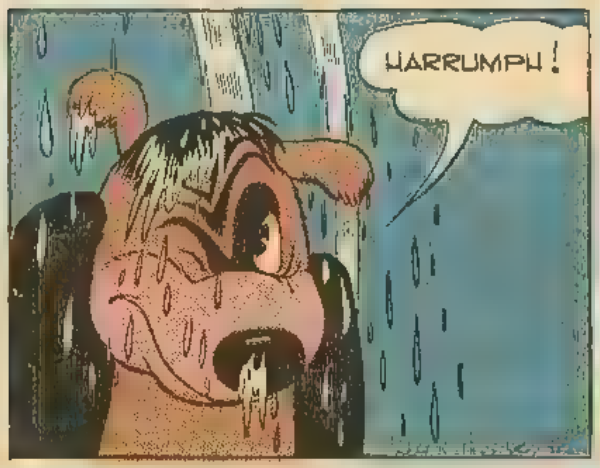

OH! OH! HAVE I MADE A MISTAKE?
HISS! HISS!

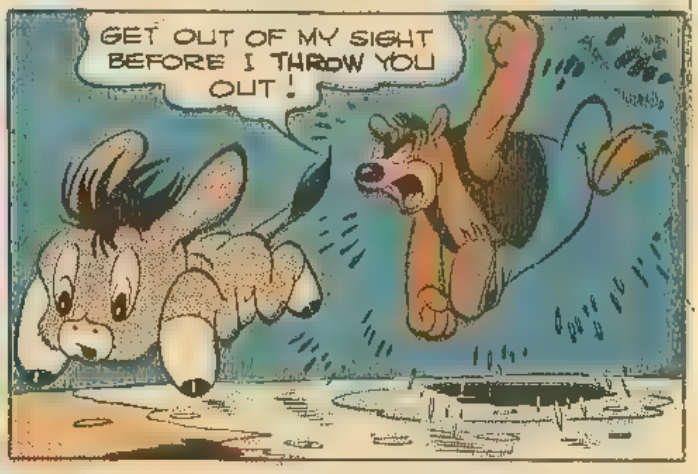

I WONDER IF I SHOULD TAKE THAT ROCK OUT — OR DO I DARE?

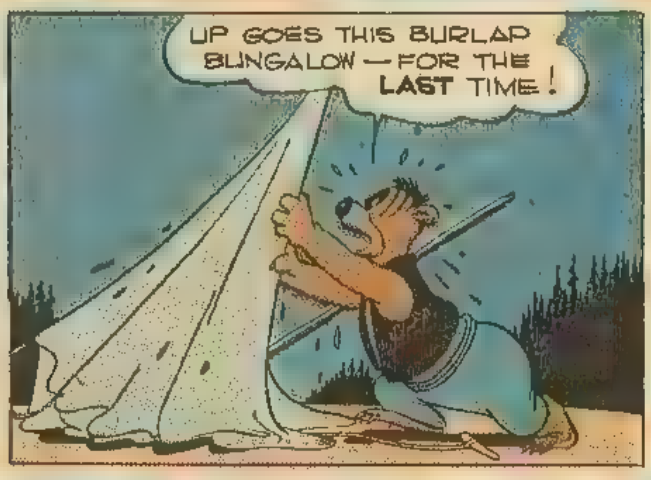

SQUISH!
THE STEAM HOLE EXPLODED!
HELP!

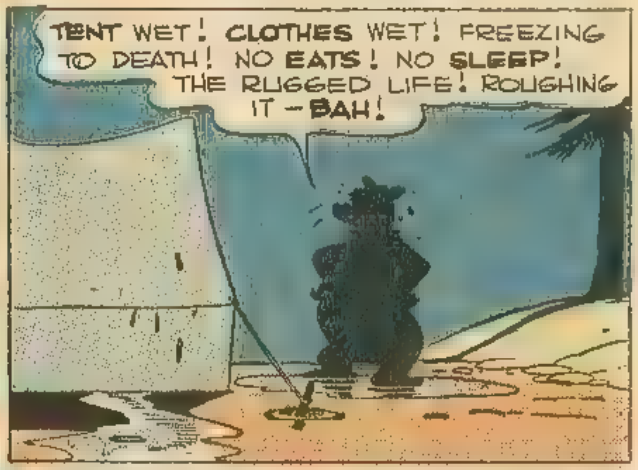

I'LL GET YOU OUT, BARNEY! TAKE IT EASY!


NOW, BARNEY, BE CALM! THIS IS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT HAPPEN WHEN ONE IS ROUGHING IT!... A SLIGHT DISCOMFORT NOW AND THEN!


HARRUMPH!

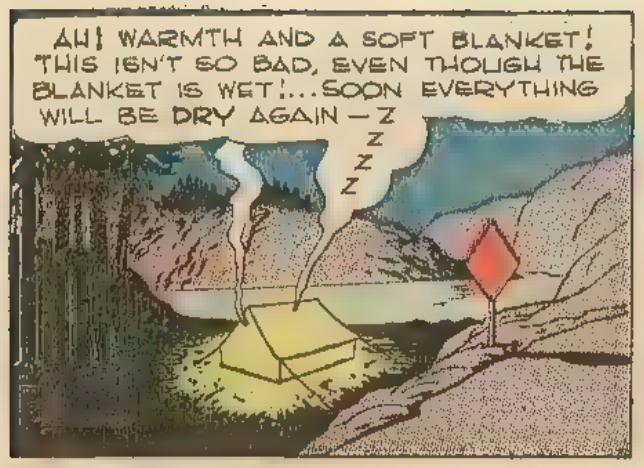

GET OUT OF MY SIGHT BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!

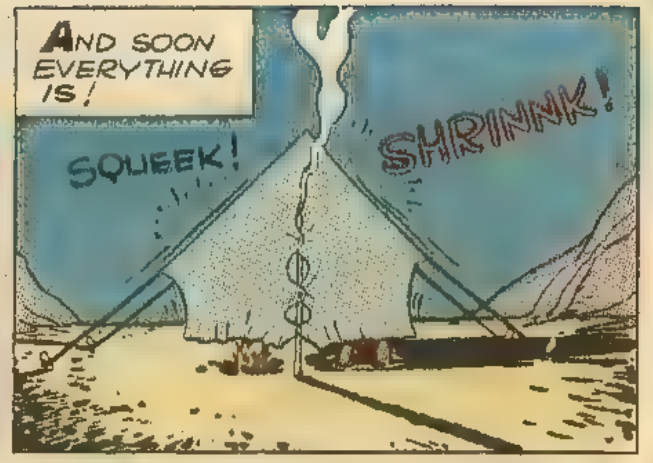

UP GOES THIS BURLAP BUNGALOW — FOR THE LAST TIME!

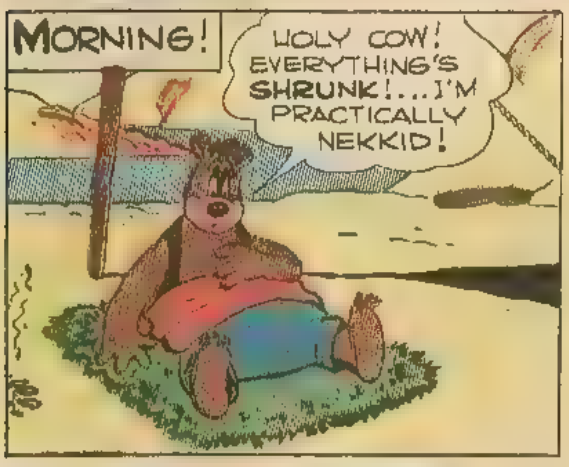

TENT WET! CLOTHES WET! FREEZING TO DEATH! NO EATS! NO SLEEP! THE RUGGED LIFE! ROUGHING IT — BAH!

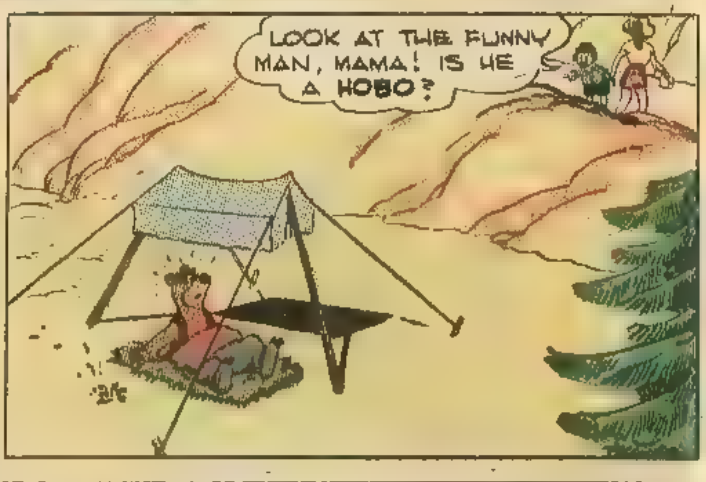
ONLY WAY TO DRY THINGS OUT IS TO LIGHT A FIRE!

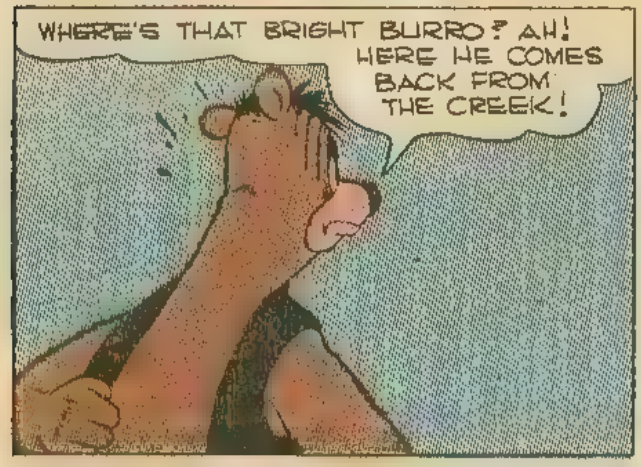
NOW MAYBE I'LL GET SOME PEACE AND QUIET!

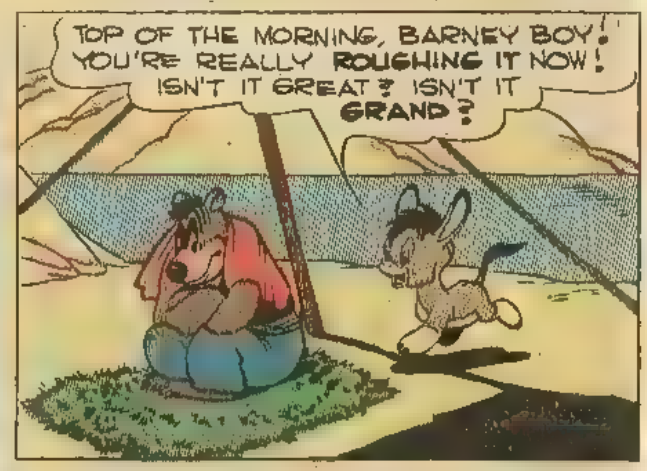


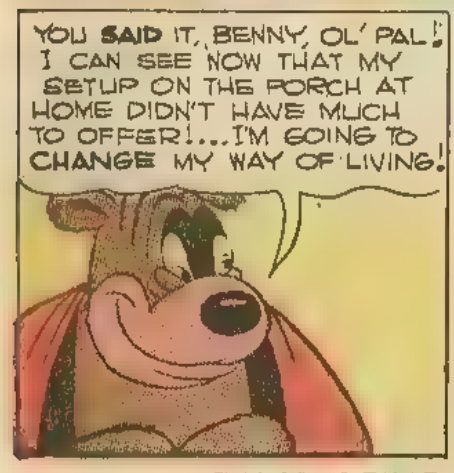


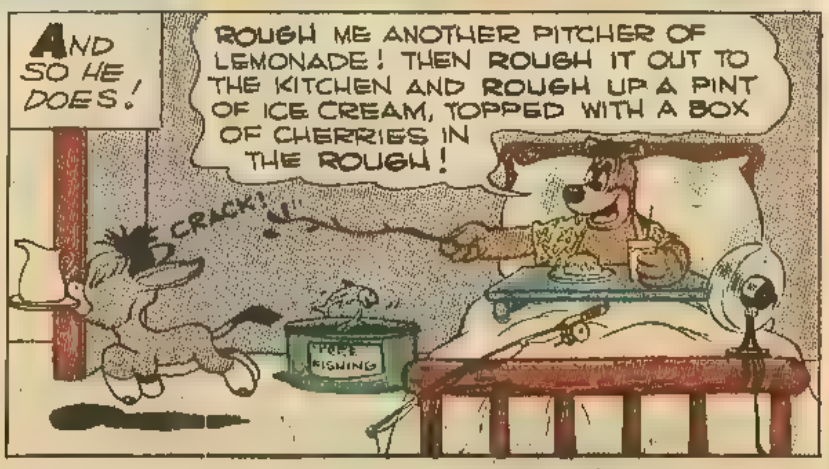




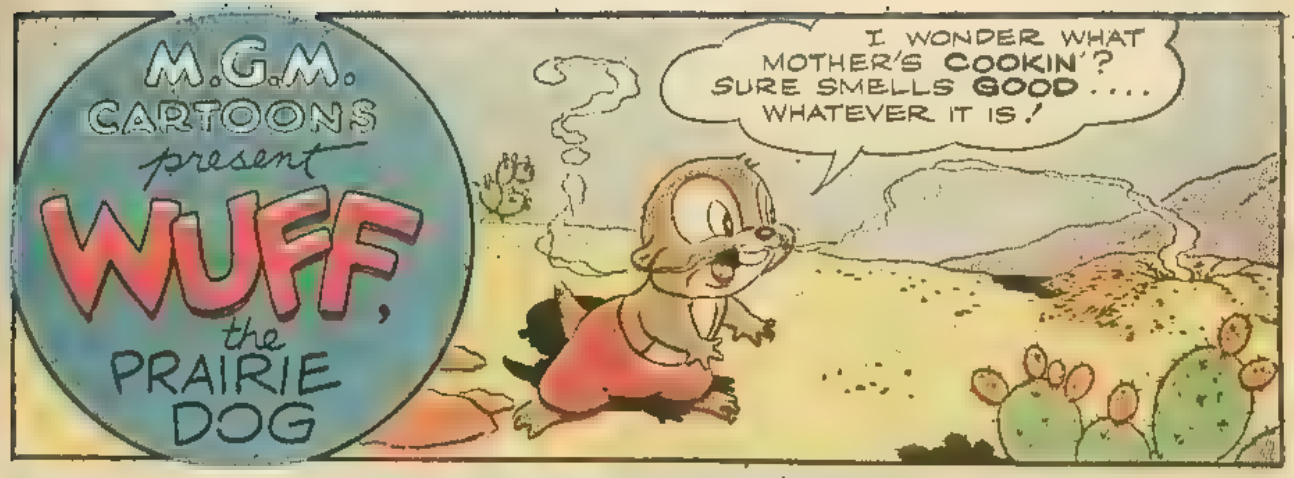


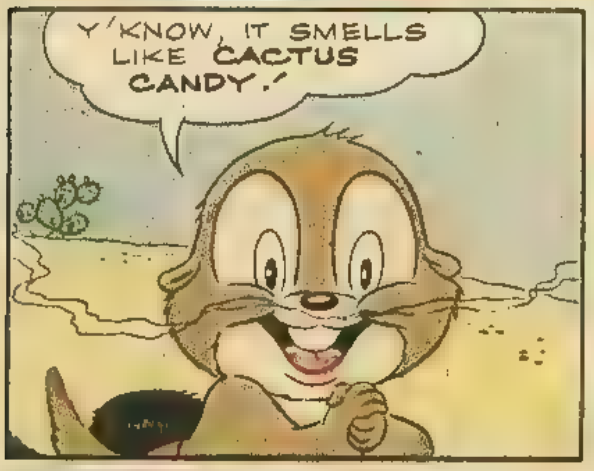


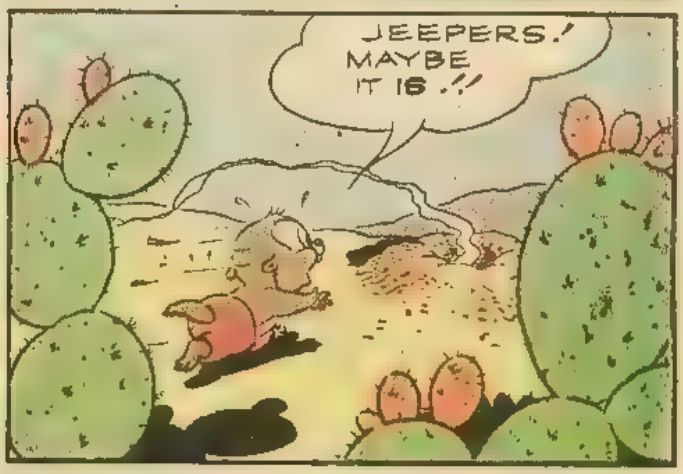


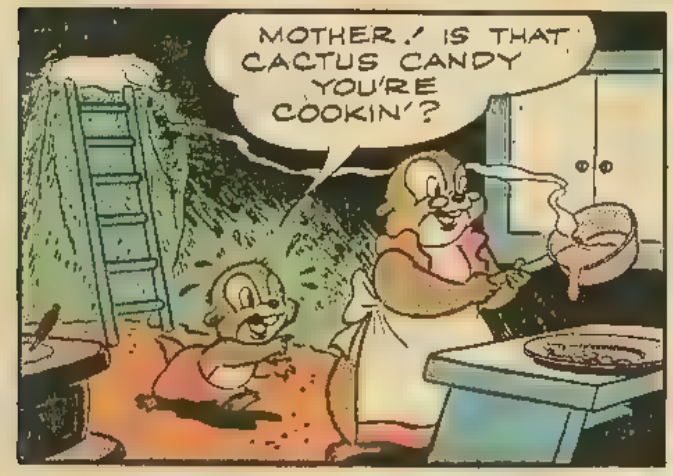


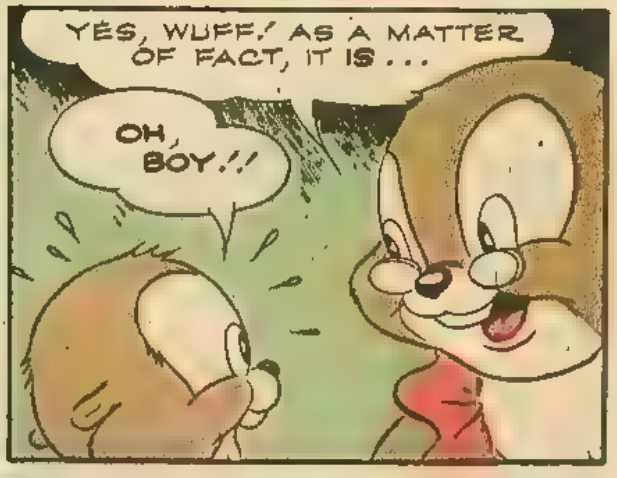
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M picture

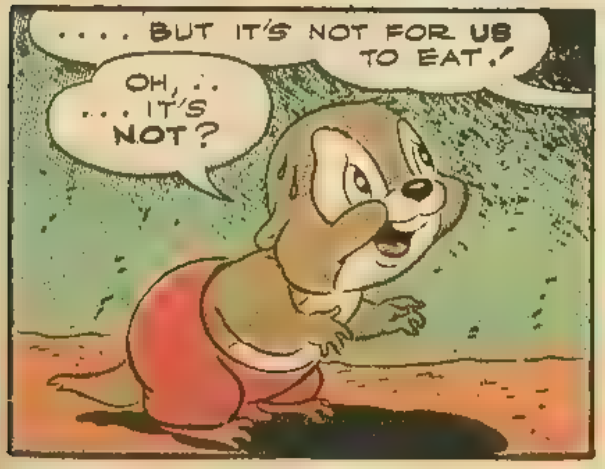

M.G.M. CARTOONS present WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG
I WONDER WHAT MOTHER'S COOKIN'? SURE SMELLS GOOD .... WHATEVER IT IS!

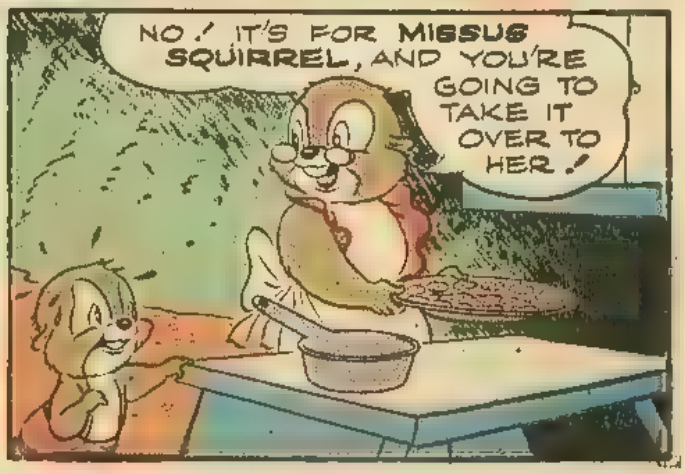

Y'KNOW, IT SMELLS LIKE CACTUS CANDY!

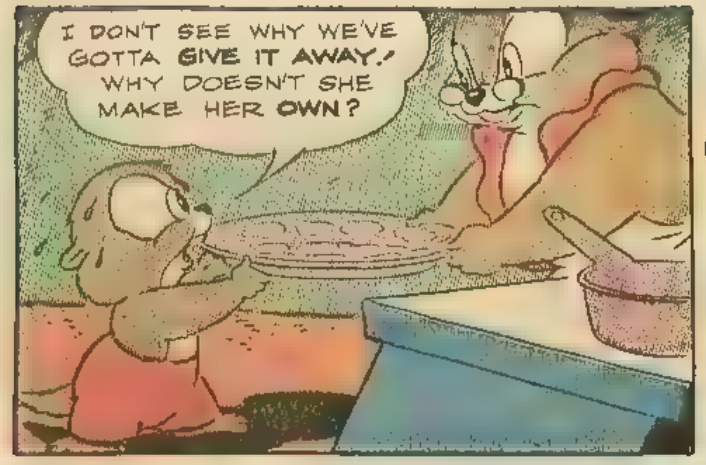

JEEPERS! MAYBE IT IS!!

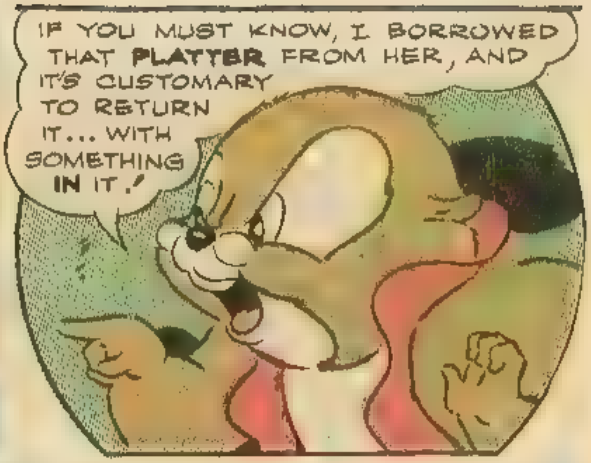

MOTHER! IS THAT CACTUS CANDY YOU'RE COOKIN'?

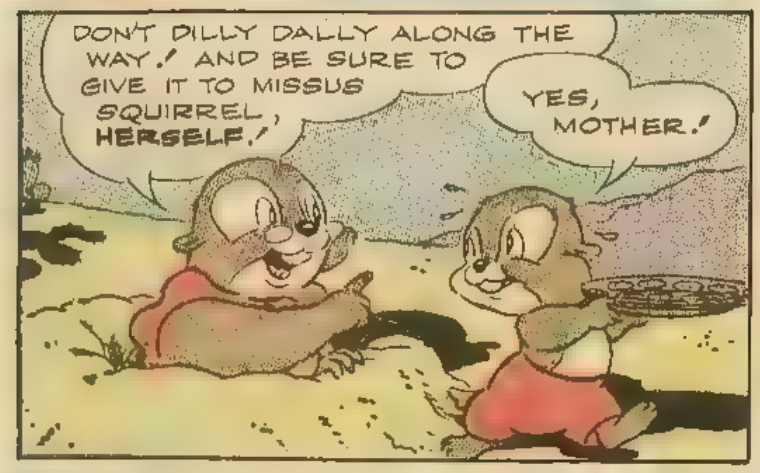

YES, WUFF! AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT IS ...
OH, BOY!!

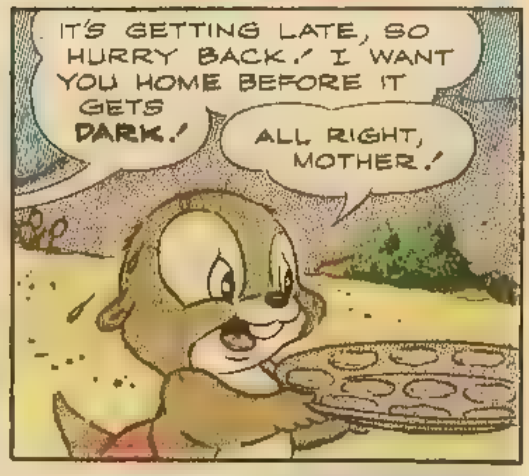

.... BUT IT'S NOT FOR US TO EAT!
OH, ... IT'S NOT?

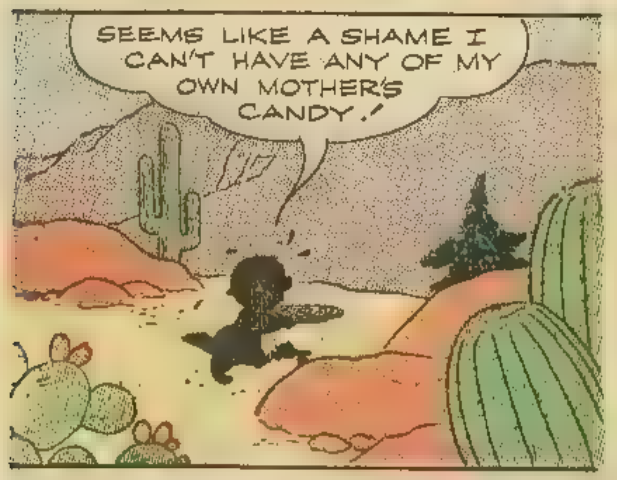

NO! IT'S FOR MISSUS SQUIRREL, AND YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE IT OVER TO HER!

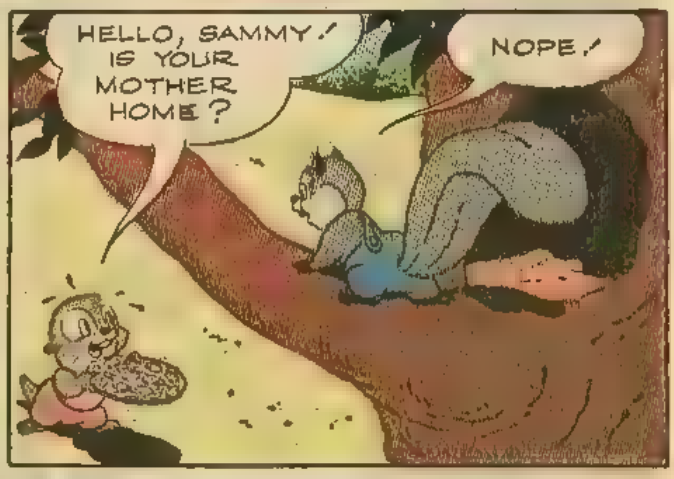

I DON'T SEE WHY WE'VE GOTTA **GIVE IT AWAY**.! WHY DOESN'T SHE MAKE HER **OWN**?


IF YOU MUST KNOW, I BORROWED THAT **PLATTER** FROM HER, AND IT'S CUSTOMARY TO RETURN IT... WITH SOMETHING **IN** IT.!

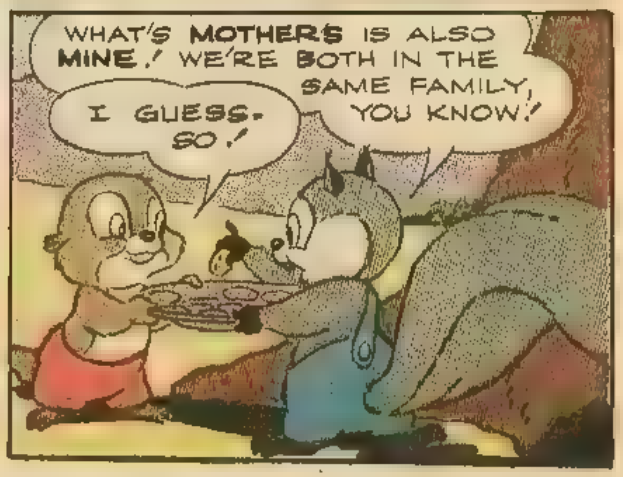

DON'T DILLY DALLY ALONG THE WAY.! AND BE SURE TO GIVE IT TO MISSUS SQUIRREL, **HERSELF**.!
YES, MOTHER.!

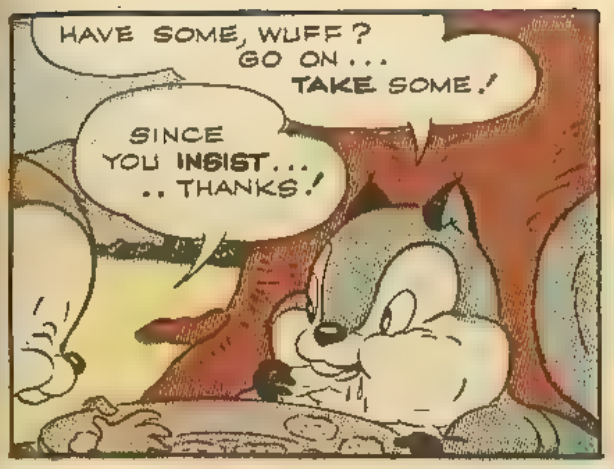

IT'S GETTING LATE, SO HURRY BACK.! I WANT YOU HOME BEFORE IT GETS **DARK**.!
ALL RIGHT, MOTHER.!

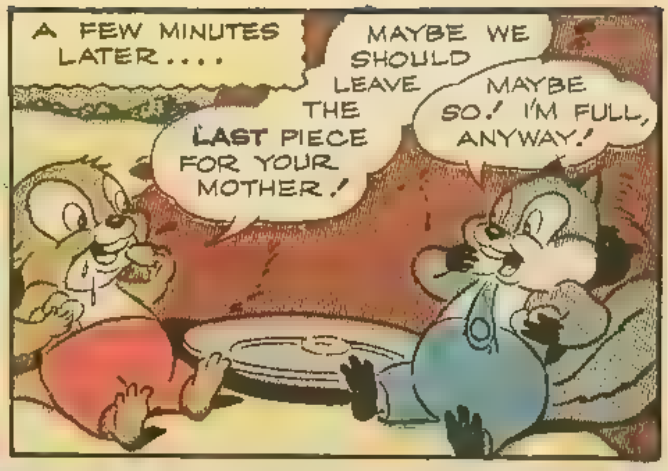

SEEMS LIKE A SHAME I CAN'T HAVE ANY OF MY OWN MOTHER'S CANDY.!

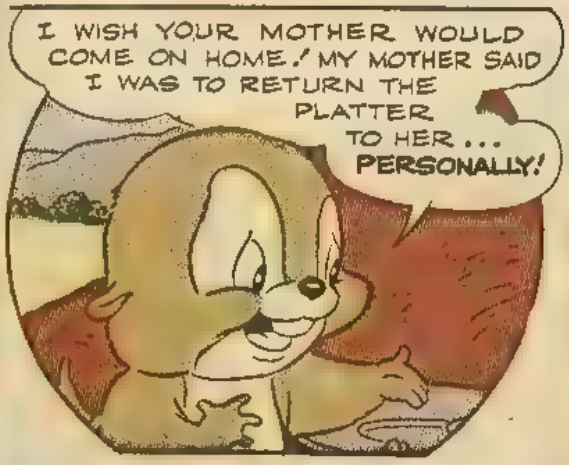

HELLO, SAMMY.! IS YOUR MOTHER HOME?
NOPE.!

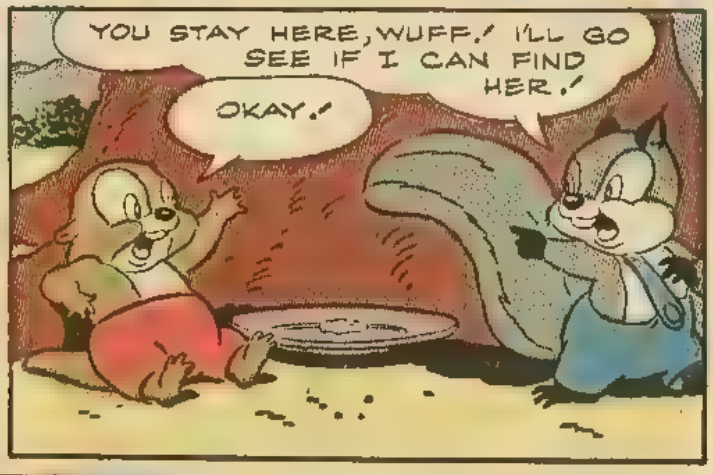
GEE.! CACTUS CANDY.!! LET'S **EAT** SOME.!
IT'S FOR YOUR **MOTHER**.!

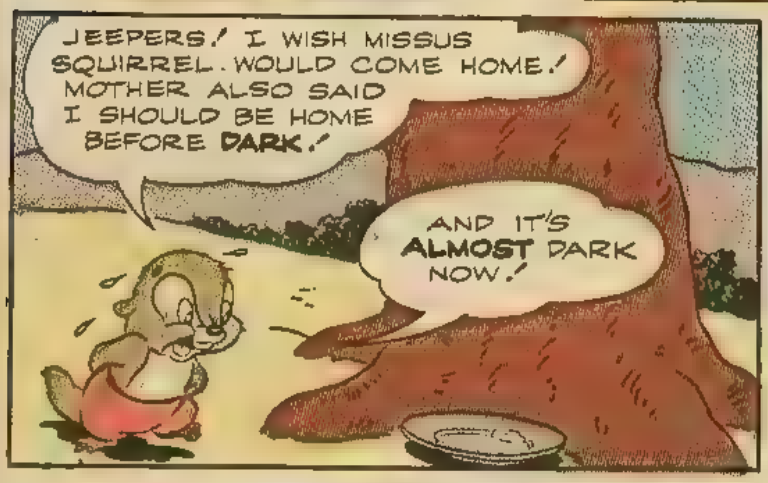

WHAT'S **MOTHER'S** IS ALSO **MINE**.! WE'RE BOTH IN THE SAME FAMILY, YOU KNOW.!
I GUESS-SO.!

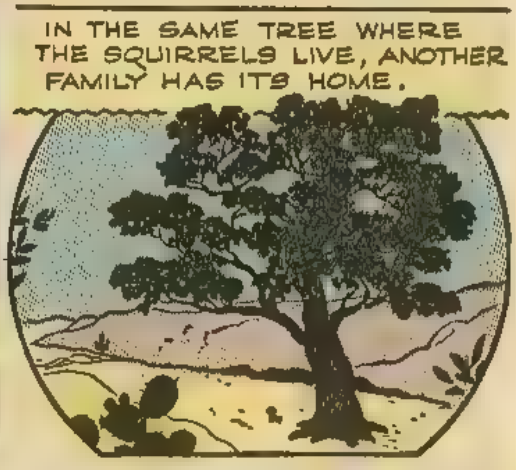

HAVE SOME, WUFF? GO ON... TAKE SOME!
SINCE YOU INSIST... .. THANKS!

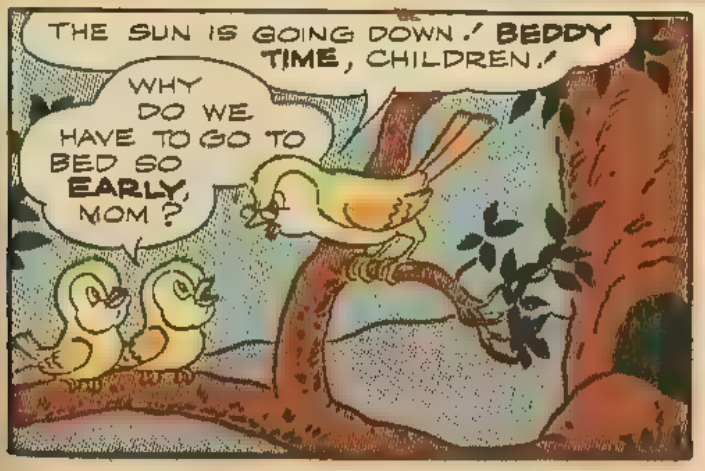

A FEW MINUTES LATER....
MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE THE LAST PIECE FOR YOUR MOTHER!
MAYBE SO! I'M FULL, ANYWAY!

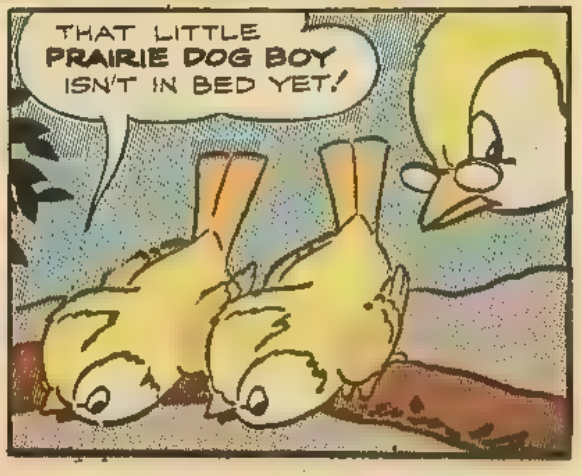

I WISH YOUR MOTHER WOULD COME ON HOME! MY MOTHER SAID I WAS TO RETURN THE PLATTER TO HER... PERSONALLY!

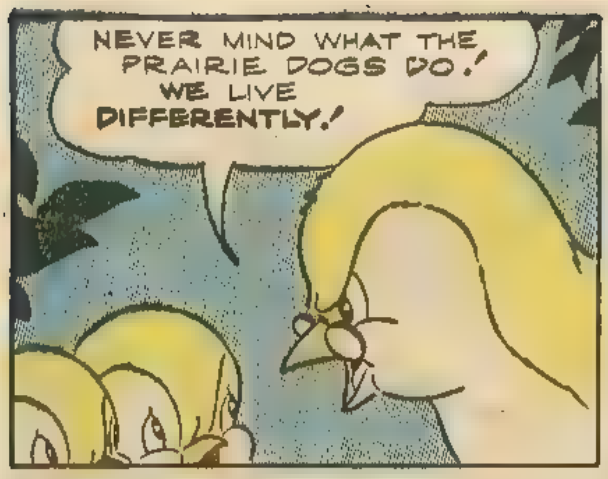

YOU STAY HERE, WUFF! I'LL GO SEE IF I CAN FIND HER!
OKAY!

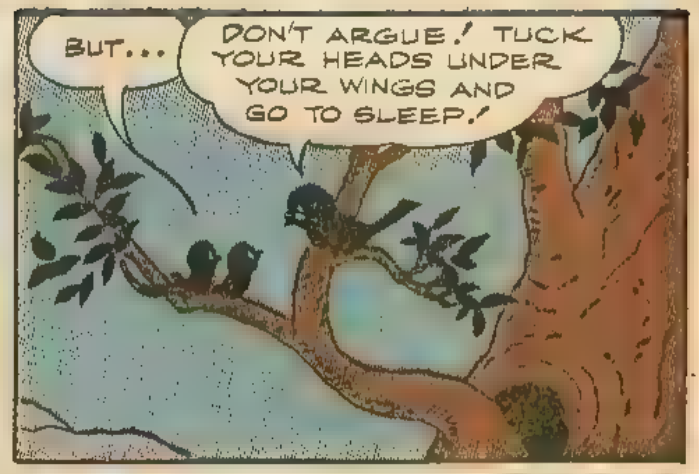

JEEPERS! I WISH MISSUS SQUIRREL WOULD COME HOME! MOTHER ALSO SAID I SHOULD BE HOME BEFORE DARK!
AND IT'S ALMOST DARK NOW!

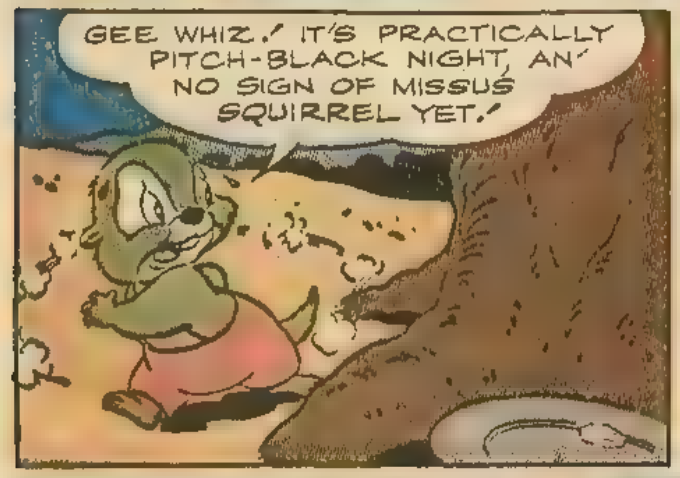

IN THE SAME TREE WHERE THE SQUIRRELS LIVE, ANOTHER FAMILY HAS ITS HOME.

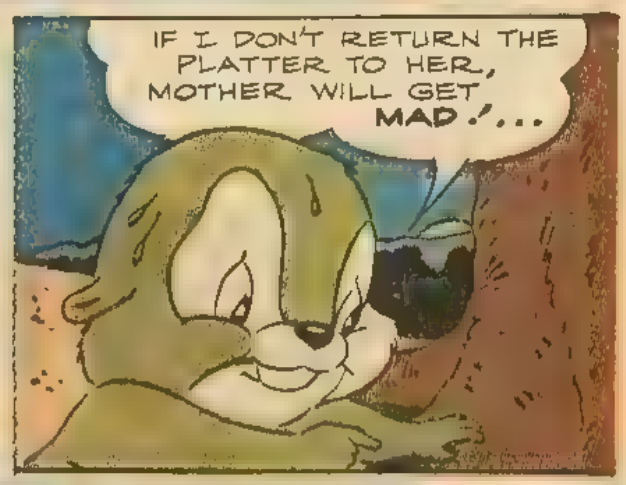

THE SUN IS GOING DOWN! BEDDY TIME, CHILDREN!
WHY DO WE HAVE TO GO TO BED SO EARLY, MOM?

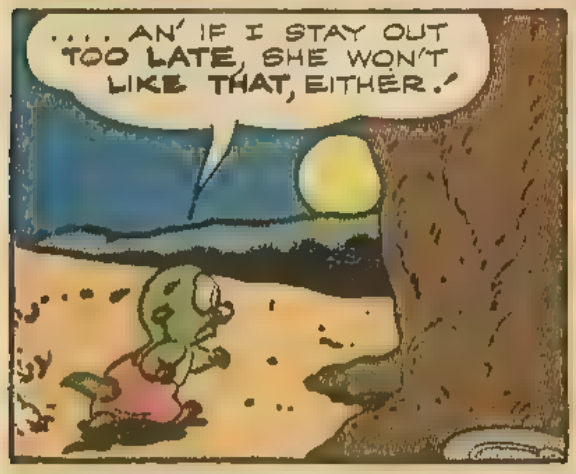

THAT LITTLE PRAIRIE DOG BOY ISN'T IN BED YET!


NEVER MIND WHAT THE PRAIRIE DOGS DO.! WE LIVE DIFFERENTLY.!

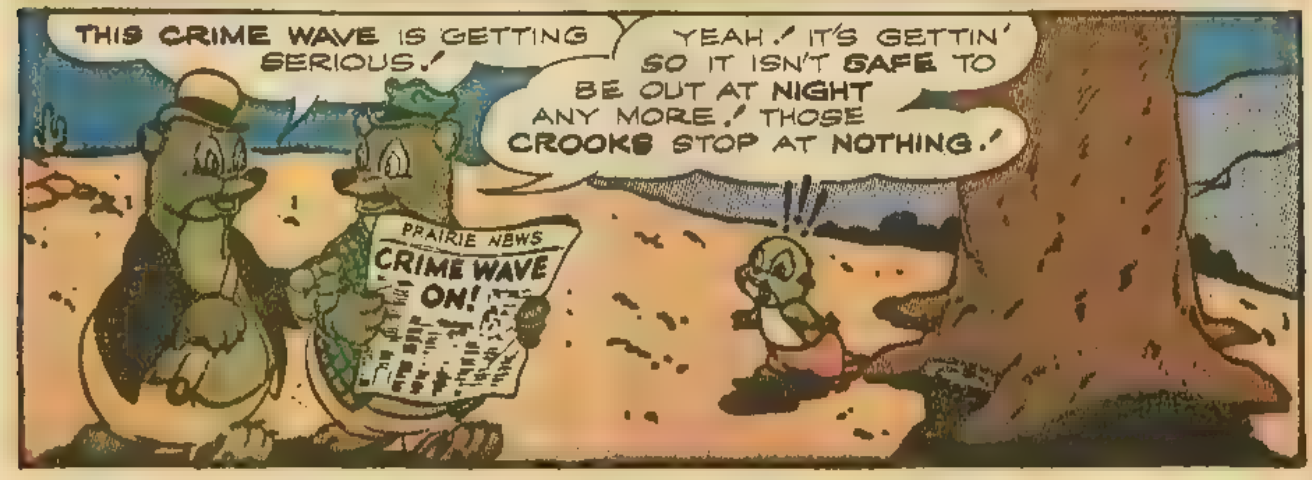

BUT...
DON'T ARGUE.! TUCK YOUR HEADS UNDER YOUR WINGS AND GO TO SLEEP.!

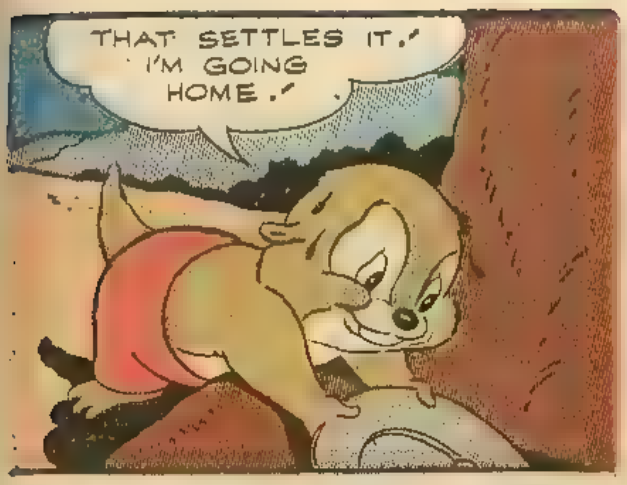

GEE WHIZ.! IT'S PRACTICALLY PITCH-BLACK NIGHT, AN' NO SIGN OF MISSUS SQUIRREL YET.!

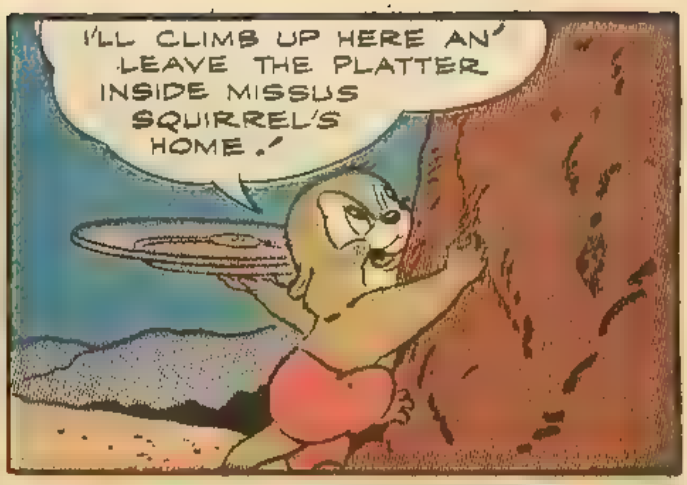

IF I DON'T RETURN THE PLATTER TO HER, MOTHER WILL GET MAD.!...

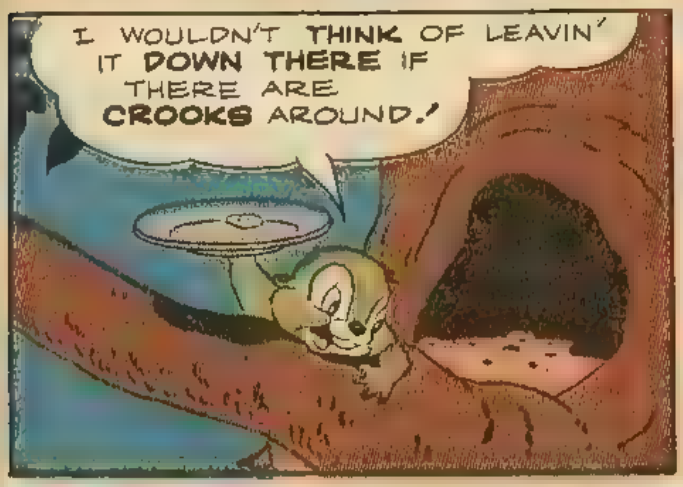

.... AN' IF I STAY OUT TOO LATE, SHE WON'T LIKE THAT, EITHER.!

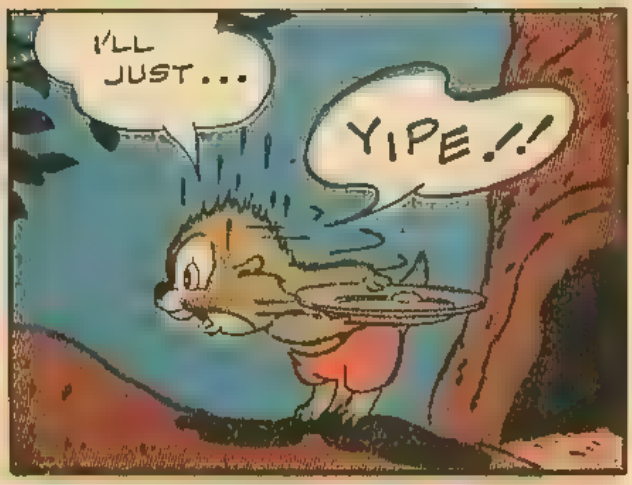
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

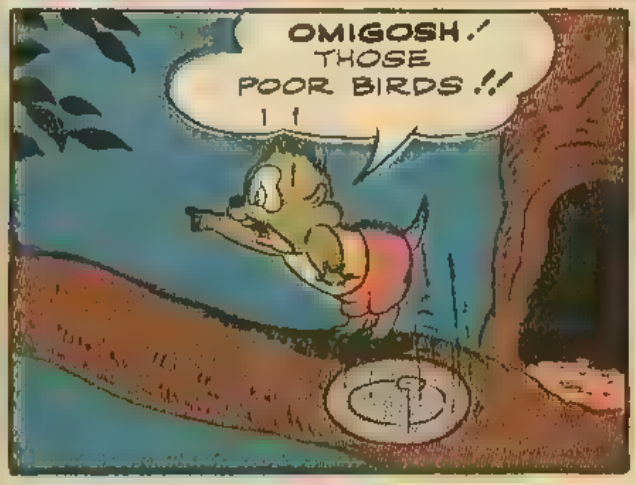

THIS CRIME WAVE IS GETTING SERIOUS.!
YEAH.! IT'S GETTIN' SO IT ISN'T SAFE TO BE OUT AT NIGHT ANY MORE.! THOSE CROOKS STOP AT NOTHING.!
PRAIRIE NEWS
CRIME WAVE ON!
!!!

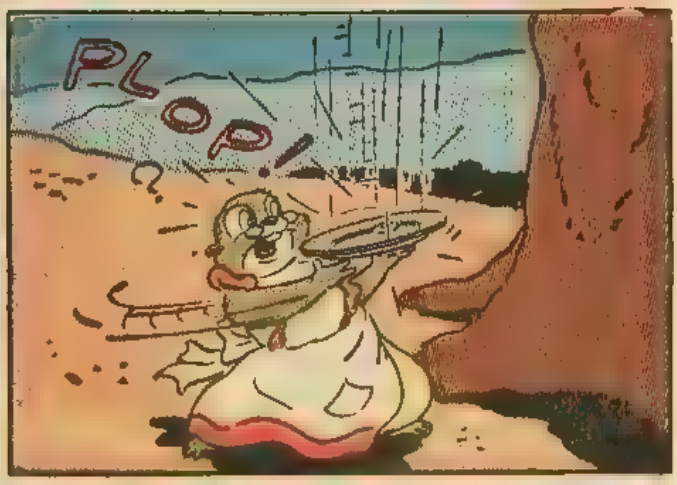

THAT SETTLES IT.! I'M GOING HOME.!

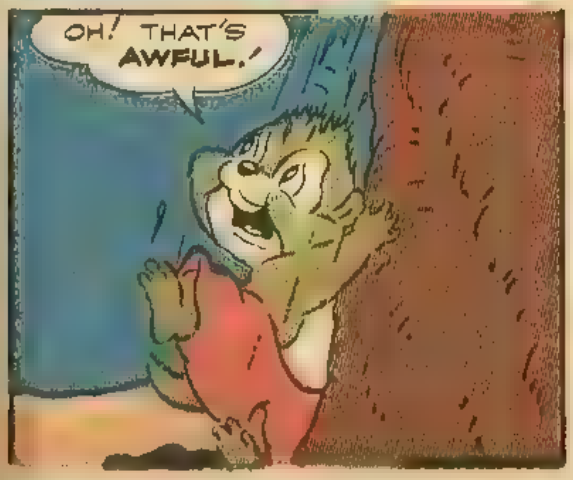

I'LL CLIMB UP HERE AN' LEAVE THE PLATTER INSIDE MISSUS SQUIRREL'S HOME.!

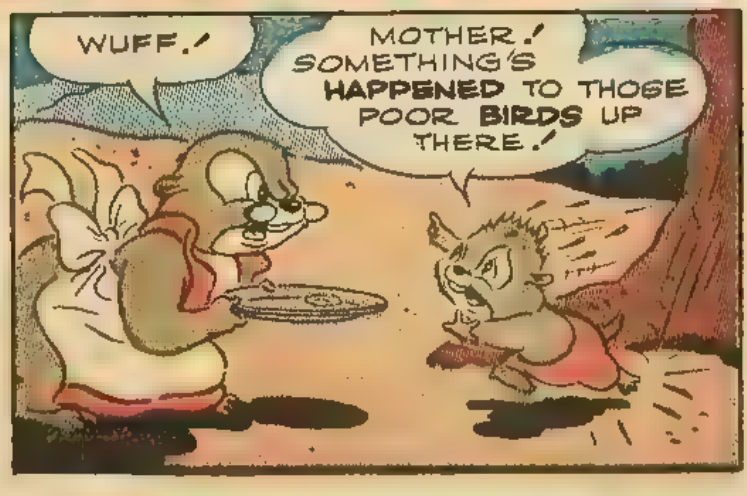

I WOULDN'T **THINK** OF LEAVIN' IT **DOWN THERE** IF THERE ARE **CROOKS** AROUND.!

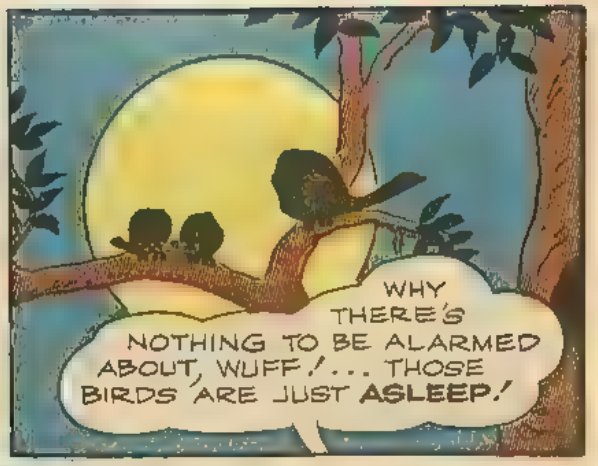

I'LL JUST...
YIPE.!!

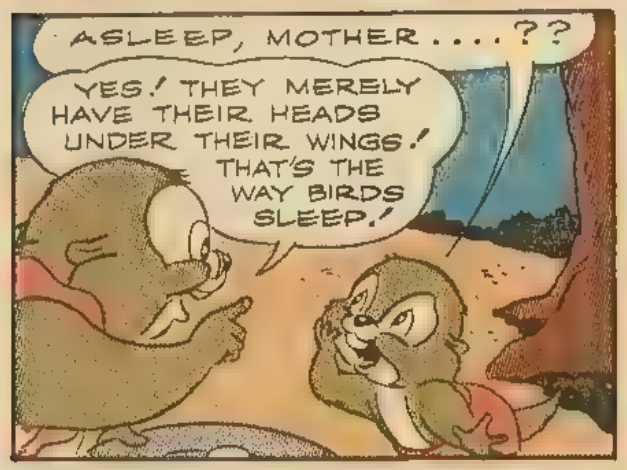

OMIGOSH.! THOSE POOR BIRDS.!!

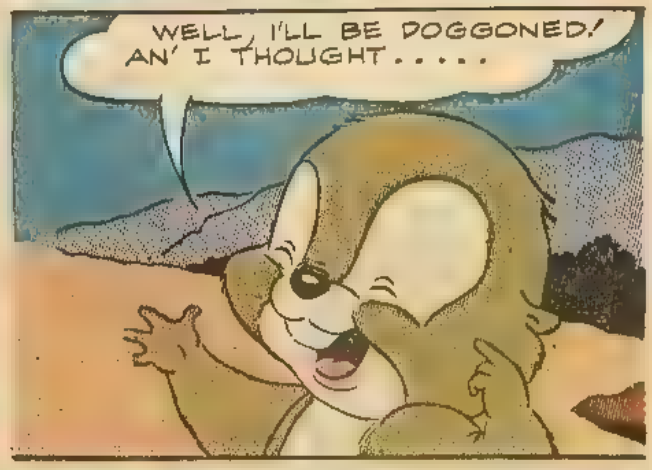

PLOP!

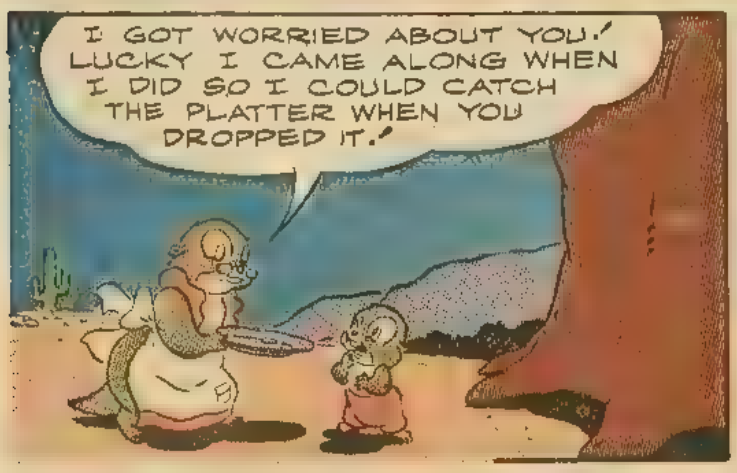

OH! THAT'S **AWFUL.!**

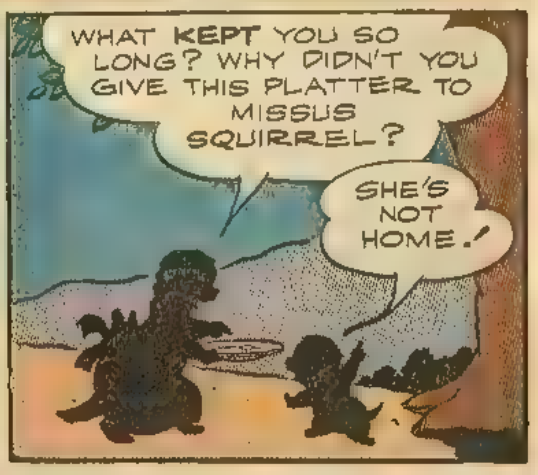

WUFF.!
MOTHER.! SOMETHING'S **HAPPENED** TO THOSE POOR **BIRDS** UP THERE.!

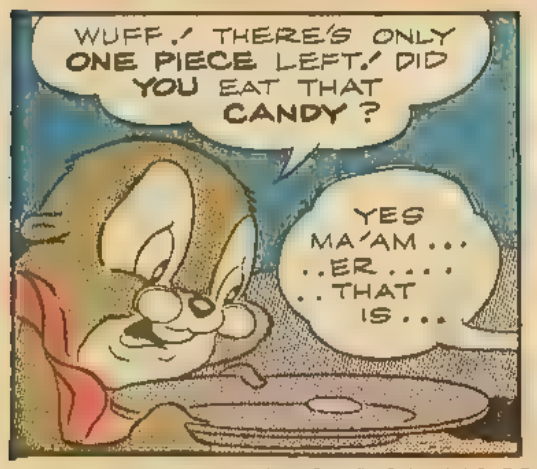


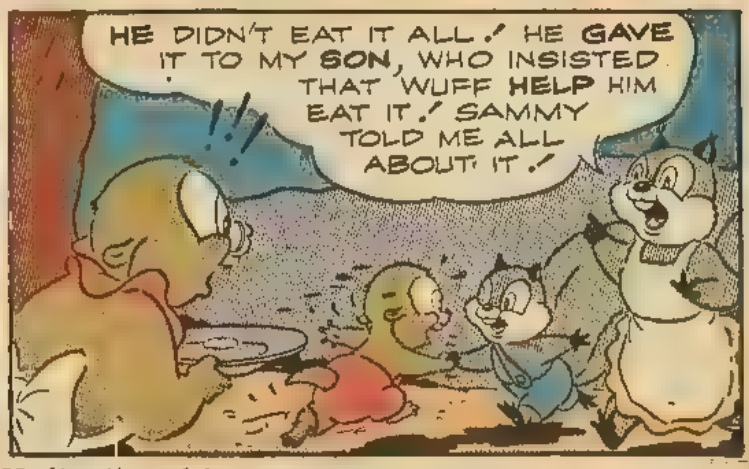












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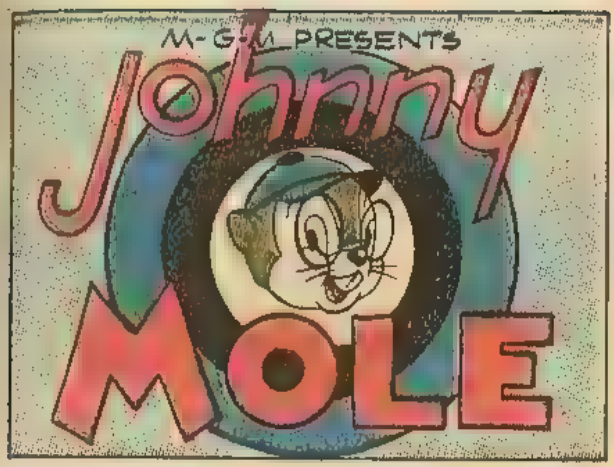
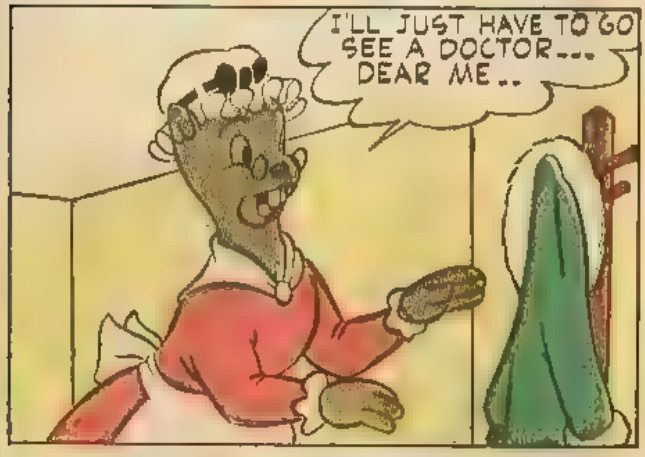
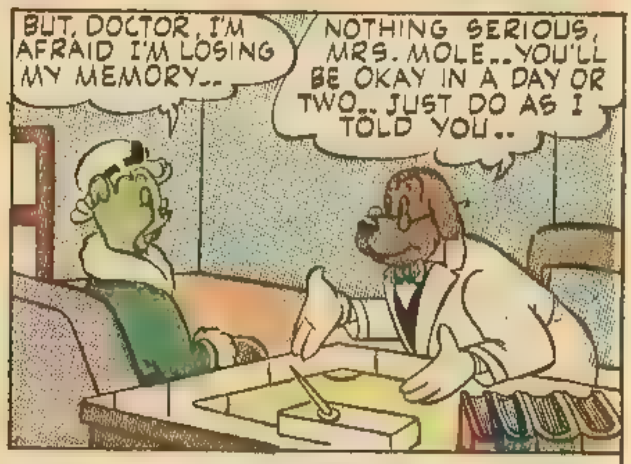
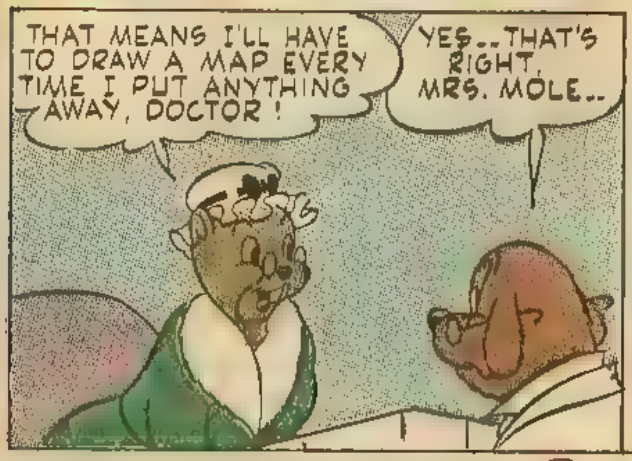
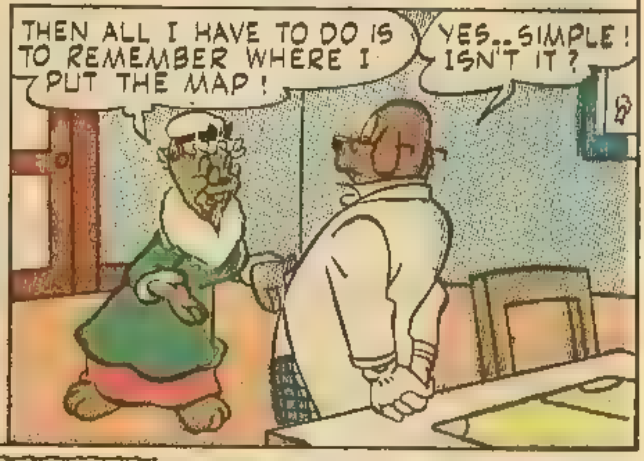

M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny
MOLE

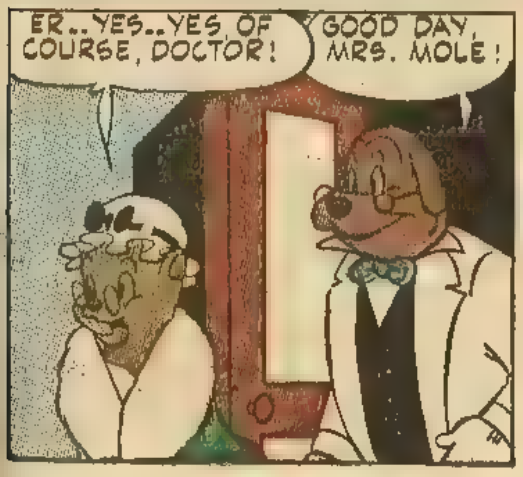
MY GOODNESS..! THIS IS TERRIBLE.. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE I PUT A THING ANYMORE !

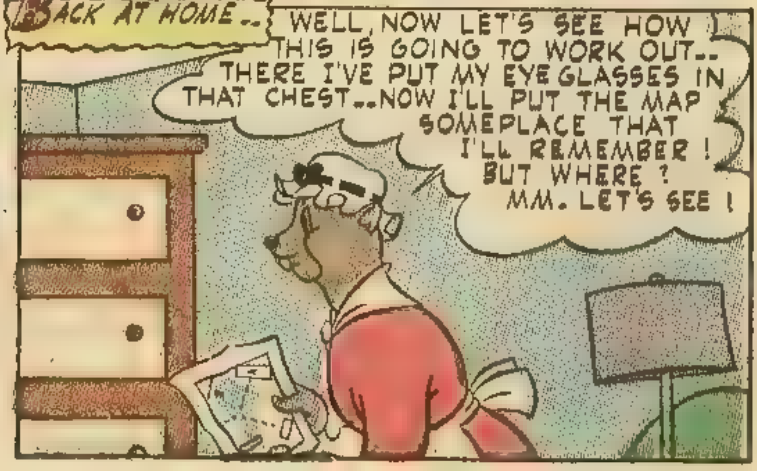

I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO SEE A DOCTOR... DEAR ME..


BUT, DOCTOR, I'M AFRAID I'M LOSING MY MEMORY..
NOTHING SERIOUS, MRS. MOLE.. YOU'LL BE OKAY IN A DAY OR TWO.. JUST DO AS I TOLD YOU..

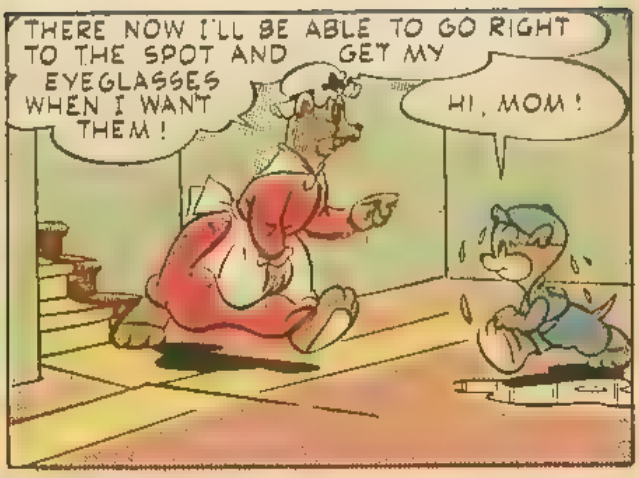

THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO DRAW A MAP EVERY TIME I PUT ANYTHING AWAY, DOCTOR !
YES.. THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. MOLE..

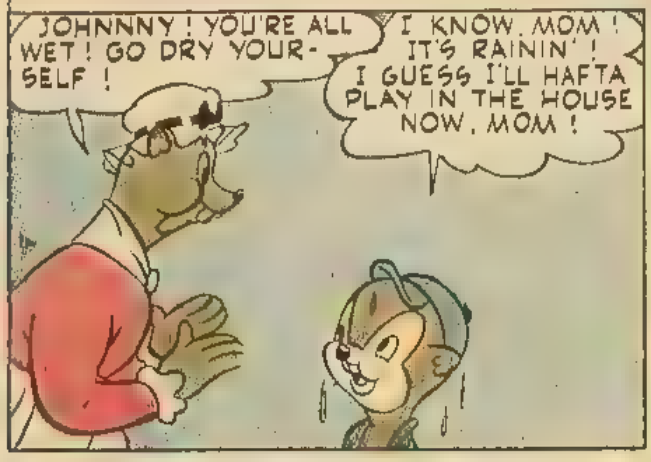

THEN ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO REMEMBER WHERE I PUT THE MAP !
YES.. SIMPLE ! ISN'T IT ?

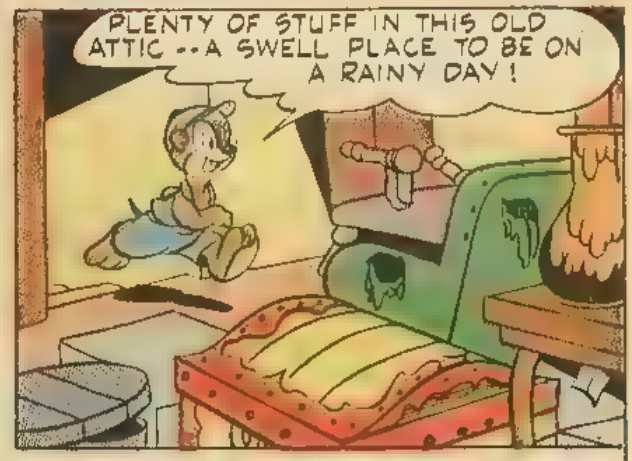

ER.. YES.. YES, OF COURSE, DOCTOR!
GOOD DAY, MRS. MOLE !

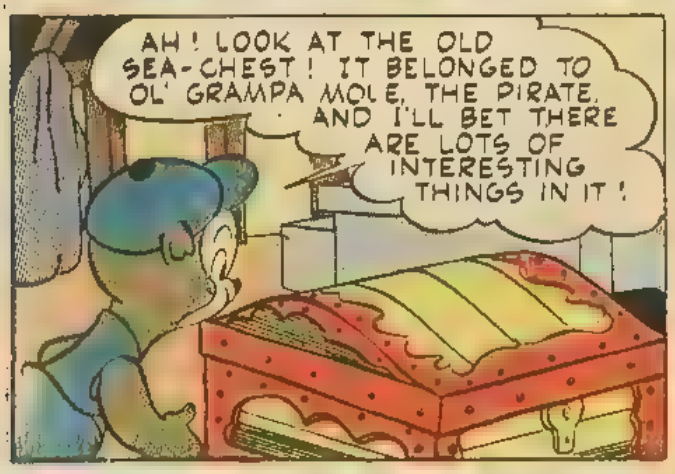

BACK AT HOME..
WELL, NOW LET'S SEE HOW THIS IS GOING TO WORK OUT.. THERE I'VE PUT MY EYE GLASSES IN THAT CHEST.. NOW I'LL PUT THE MAP SOMEPLACE THAT I'LL REMEMBER ! BUT WHERE ? MM. LET'S SEE !

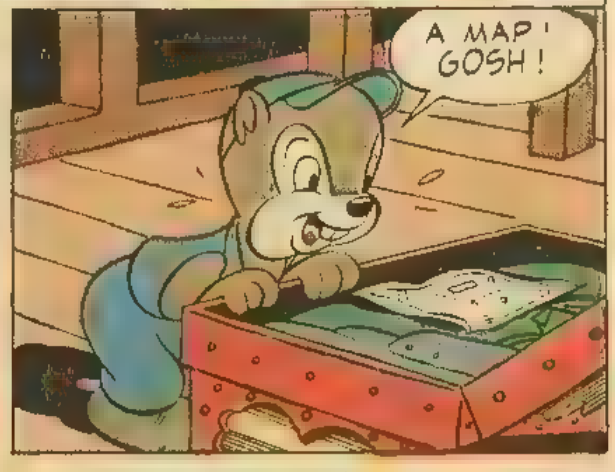
I KNOW! I'LL PUT IT IN THAT OLD TRUNK UP IN THE ATTIC! IT'LL BE SAFE UP THERE.

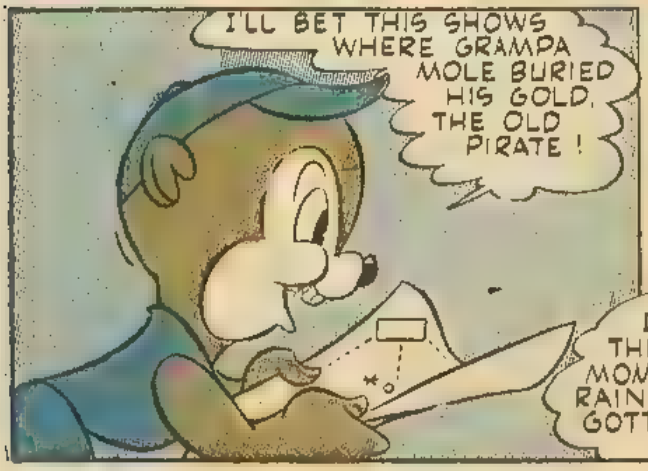

THERE NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT AND GET MY EYEGLASSES WHEN I WANT THEM!
HI, MOM!

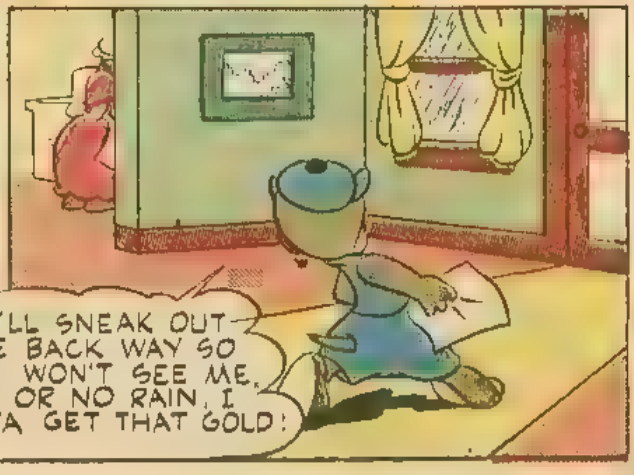

JOHNNNY! YOU'RE ALL WET! GO DRY YOURSELF!
I KNOW, MOM! IT'S RAININ'! I GUESS I'LL HAFTA PLAY IN THE HOUSE NOW, MOM!


PLENTY OF STUFF IN THIS OLD ATTIC--A SWELL PLACE TO BE ON A RAINY DAY!


AH! LOOK AT THE OLD SEA-CHEST! IT BELONGED TO OL' GRAMPA MOLE, THE PIRATE, AND I'LL BET THERE ARE LOTS OF INTERESTING THINGS IN IT!


A MAP! GOSH!

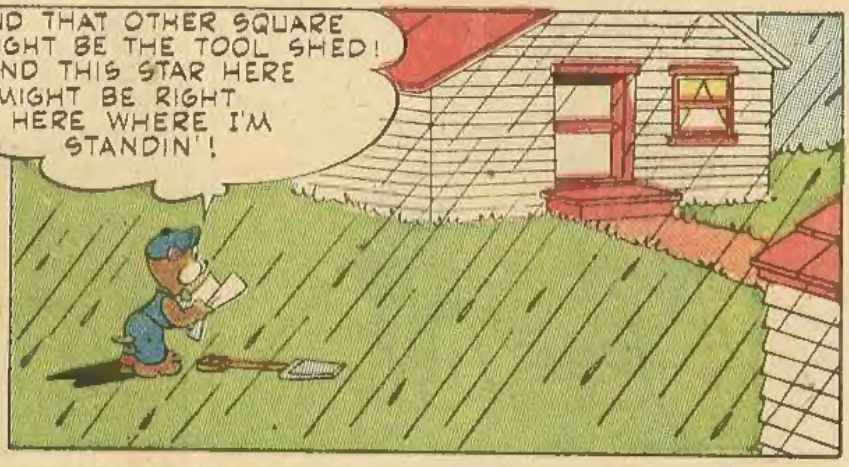

I'LL BET THIS SHOWS WHERE GRAMPA MOLE BURIED HIS GOLD, THE OLD PIRATE!


I'LL SNEAK OUT THE BACK WAY SO MOM WON'T SEE ME. RAIN OR NO RAIN, I GOTTA GET THAT GOLD!

I'LL GET A SHOVEL OUT OF THE TOOL SHED AND I'LL BE ALL SET !

NOW THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHERE WILL I START DIGGING ?

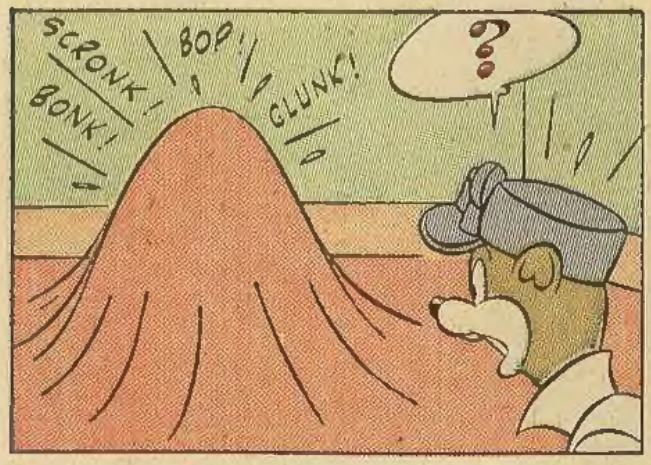
I GUESS I'D BETTER STUDY THIS MAP A BIT ! THAT SQUARE MIGHT MEAN OUR HOUSE..AND THIS DOTTED LINE THE PATHWAY..

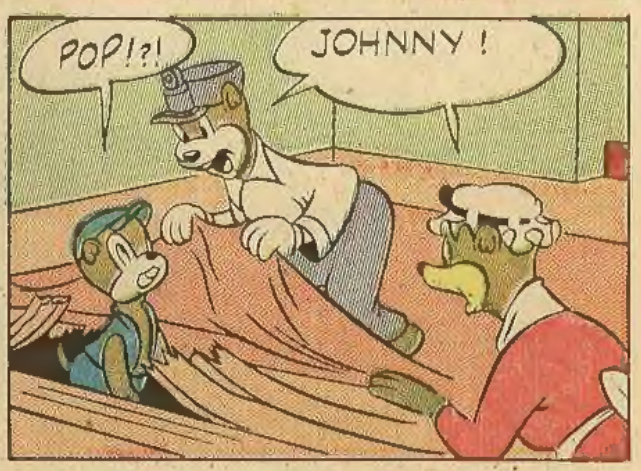

AND THAT OTHER SQUARE MIGHT BE THE TOOL SHED! AND THIS STAR HERE MIGHT BE RIGHT HERE WHERE I'M STANDIN'!

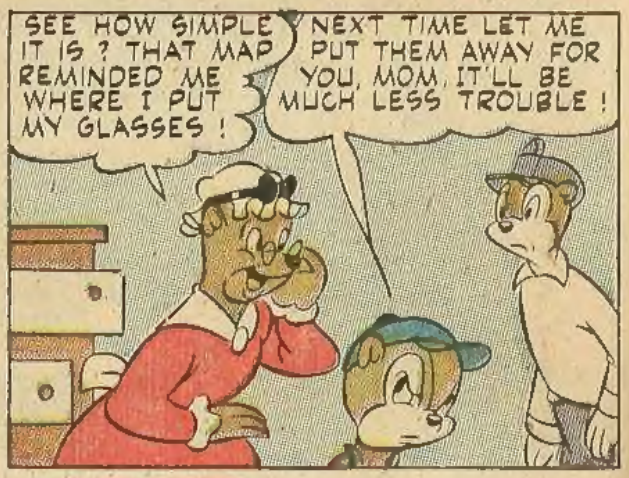
THEN I'LL START DIGGIN' RIGHT HERE !

NOW AS SOON AS I SET THE DINNER TABLE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO SIT DOWN AND READ AWHILE BEFORE DADDY COMES HOME..

I'LL GO UPSTAIRS NOW AND GET MY MAP SO I'LL KNOW WHERE I PUT MY GLASSES..THIS SYSTEM WORKS OUT VERY NICELY!







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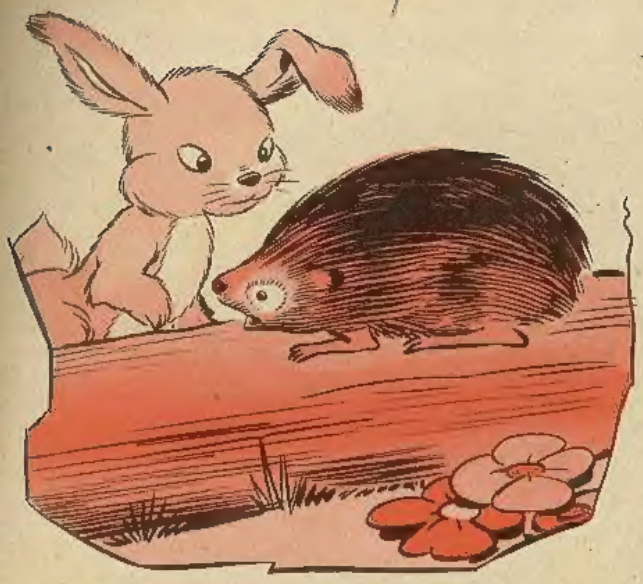

HIPPY HOP ON A LONELY DAY

(Continued from inside front cover)

"No thanks," said Hippy. "It takes you so long to say anything I would never have a chance to talk. Goodby." And Hippy was off out of Sharpy's sight before he could stutter Goodby.

Maggie Magpie saw Hippy Hop going through the forest after he had left Sharpy and she swooped down to a bush he was passing and called out, "Hippy Hop! Where to so fast? Couldn't you stop and talk a bit?"

Hippy Hop stopped right in his tracks. "It's good to see you, Maggie Magpie," he said, being very pleased at finding someone who wanted to talk to him. "It's an odd thing, but I was just looking for someone to talk to myself."

"That's fine," said Maggie Magpie and she settled herself very comfortably on the bush. "We'll talk about me."

"I wanted to talk about Nutsy Squirrel," replied Hippy. "Do you know, he is very rude. Only this afternoon. . . . ."

"Nonsense," interrupted Maggie Magpie. "You can talk about Nutsy to Nutsy. Listen to this story." And she talked and talked and talked so much that poor Hippy's ears began to ring.

At last Hippy had to break right into her talking. "I must go now," he said. "Thanks so much for the conversation."

"Wait! I'm not finished," said Maggie, but Hippy bounded off just as fast as he could. "Well," said Maggie. "If that isn't the rudest rabbit ever!"

Hippy heard her, but he didn't care. He went skipping away down the forest path sputtering to himself, "Why are all these people so stupid? No one wants to talk about what I want to talk about. It's no fun for me just to hear about them."

He was in such a grumpy mood by this time that when Timmy Toad hopped out from under a big leaf to speak to him, Hippy would not even look at him but just went hopping on.

He did not turn around to see the hurt look on Timmy's face as he went.

Soon Hippy was so bored that he went back home to sulk. His mother heard him come into the house. She could scarcely help hearing him, for he let the door slam—hard.

"What's the matter, Son?" she said.

"Oh, I'm mad at everyone," he grumbled. "They're all so dumb. They just want to talk about themselves and what they've been doing and they wouldn't even listen when I wanted to tell them a story. You can't have a conversation with any of them!"

"Why, Son, don't you know that the best way to have a good conversation is to be a good listener? Try it once."

Hippy blinked in surprise at this advice, but he thought it over and then he very quietly went out into the woods again.

Whenever he met a little forest animal he asked, "And how are you and your family today?"

Then he listened very carefully. And, do you know, he had a wonderful time!

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